THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A ROSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GLEN CAROL.

She broke me a scarlet rose,
Dripping with odorous dew—
"Keep this," she said, "while sweetness clings
To its red leaves I am true!"

The stars bent down to listen—
They heard a faithless vow,
"If the rose still keeps its fragrance,
Come in a year from now!"

When the year was dead and done with,
I looked at my rose again,
Saying, "Color no doubt has vanished,
But odor must still remain."

Years, many and long, are lying
Between the past and then—
But I would that the dead rose, fragrant still,
Had never bloomed for me!

THE CHILTON ESTATE;

OR,

Close Play for a Fortune.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY RETT WINWOOD,
AUTHOR OF "A BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

LURKING MISCHIEF.

"Has the post come in?"

The scene was a handsome villa situated on the Harlem road, two or three miles above New York. The speaker was Eustace Chilton, the master of the house, who had just returned from his usual morning ramble.

He was a tall, thin man of about fifty. He had a pale face, thin lips, and dark eyes that never lighted up with love or tenderness or sympathy, as the eyes of most men—however hard or callous they may have become—will do at times.

The lady to whom he addressed this question was his wife. In her way, Mrs. Eustace Chilton was a study of peculiar interest. She reminded one of a smouldering volcano—harmless enough while you gazed upon it, perhaps, but with death and destruction hidden in its depths, ready to do their awful work when the time came.

Like her husband, she too was tall and thin. Her face was absolutely colorless, with a chalky whiteness almost frightful to behold. Her eyes were of a light gray, and looked at you coldly and distrustfully from under their protruding brows.

She was always dressed simply in quiet black. Not being a talkative woman, she would often sit for hours in perfect silence, with her dry white hands folded in her lap. To the world at large she presented a cold, impassive front, as if seeking no sympathy, and offering none. But with one person she was meek and submissive as a child, and that person was her husband.

Mr. Chilton repeated his question eagerly and somewhat impatiently.

"Has the post come in?"

His wife lifted her eyes to his face with a look that would have been full of curious inquiry in another woman.

"Yes," she answered.

"Any letters?"

"Four. Here they are," and she suddenly lifted a newspaper from the table by which she was sitting, thus exposing them to view.

Mr. Chilton snatched up the letters with a greater show of eagerness than he often manifested, and hastily looked at the post-marks. Three out of the four he tossed carelessly aside, and then, with a smothered exclamation, sat down to the perusal of the remaining one.

His countenance changed as he read. It darkened all over with brooding hate and fury. Not a shade of this varying emotion was lost upon his wife, but she sat silent and motionless, waiting for him to speak.

At last he looked up. "Do you know who is the writer of this letter?" he asked, holding it up for her to see.

"Your brother James."

"Yes, d——n him!"

There was a moment of silence. Then Mrs. Chilton asked very quietly:

"Is there any bad news in the letter?"

Before he could find words in which to answer her, a door banged in the distance, and footsteps drew near.

Mr. Chilton turned and made an expressive gesture toward the door.

"Go," he said.

The woman rose up, and then hesitated.

"It is Reginald, it is my son. I recognize his step."

"No matter. I wish to see him alone. Go."

She bowed, and submissively left the apartment. The door had scarcely closed upon her retreating figure, however, when it re-opened to admit a young man.

The new-comer was Reginald Chilton. In person he was singularly unlike either parent. He was slight and elegant, with hands and feet dainty as a woman's. In his dress he seemed to be scrupulously neat and clean. His attire was faultless, from the glossy beaver to the shining patent-leather boots that adorned his aristocratically small feet.

His features were clear-cut and regular. He had dark, wavy hair, dark eyes, and exquisite teeth. His lips might have been considered a shade too sharply cleft, but they harmonized well with the remainder of his face.

Taken all in all, it was a very handsome face, and yet one that was quite as likely to repel as to attract. There was an indefinable expression about it from which a pure-minded person would shrink involuntarily.

He advanced hastily to his father's side.

"I see that the letters have come in," he said, shortly. "Any news from Uncle James?"

"Yes;" was the brief, sharp answer.

Reginald gave a slight start.

"What is it," he demanded, impatiently. "Any new danger?"

LAMONT'S VISIT TO BETTY DEANE.

Mr. Chilton ground his teeth angrily.

"The devil himself must have put up James to give us all the trouble in his power," he muttered. "Yes, there *is* a new danger, and the most formidable one that has yet threatened us."

Reginald changed color.

"Surely," he exclaimed, "Claudia and Uncle James have not come together after all the trouble we have taken to keep them apart during the last twelve months?"

"Not yet. But they will meet within twenty-four hours, unless something desperate is done. Read that!"

He flung the letter which he had been reading, across the table. Reginald took it up, and read these words:

"SIR—I had thought never to enter your doors again. The old quarrel between you and me is one that does not admit of reconciliation; I cannot forget or forgive; and I do not believe in a patched-up peace that has nothing genuine about it.

"I am coming to Chilton Villa; you will understand, however, that it is no desire to see you or revive old associations that causes me to pay this visit. I tell you frankly, that I would be glad never to see your face again. There never has been, and never, never can be any feeling of regard between you and me.

"But I *do* wish to see my niece, Claudia. I wish to hear from her own lips, that she prefers to make her home with you until she attains her majority. Until I do receive such an assurance—and *from her own lips*, mind—I cannot suffer the matter to rest.

"My poor brother Barton trusted you fully—which I never did. He unwisely espoused your side of the quarrel. More unwisely still, when he died, one little year ago, he left you sole guardian of his child, Claudia, and her immense wealth.

"I tell you frankly, that I know you are not worthy of the trust. And I tell you, also, that it shall go hard with you, if you harm one hair of that innocent girl's head. Law or no law, you shall not compel her to remain anywhere or do anything against her wishes.

"Now I think we understand each other. I have been to the seminary where Claudia was educated. They told me there that she had already left, to make her home with you. If I see her at all, there is no choice left me but to come to Chilton Villa. I do not like the alternative, but I accept it. You may expect me the morning of the eighth, at ten o'clock, when I shall *insist* upon holding an interview with my niece.

"Yours truly,

"JAMES CHILTON."

Reginald crumpled the paper in his hand when he had finished reading this singular letter. A savage gleam kindled in his bright, dark eyes.

"The dolt!" he hissed. "I could strangle him with a hearty good will for daring to interfere in our affairs."

Mr. Chilton looked straight into his son's face.

"If James ever reaches this house," he said, in a low, deep voice, "it is all up with us. He is an obstinate man, and will lay bare all our deceptions before he gives up the game."

"Yes, yes."

"Claudia, or what is more to the purpose, Claudia's fortune, will slip through our fingers in spite of my powers as guardian."

"Yes."

"By means of the spies who surround the girl, we have warded off a meeting between her and James thus far. He acknowledges in this letter that he went to the seminary to see her. One of my spies must have met him and told him that Claudia had left for Chilton Villa."

"But she was there, in the school, at that moment?"

"Yes. It is a wonder that a meeting was prevented. But to-morrow is the eighth, and to-morrow my brother James writes me that he will be here. He is not a man to be easily put off, as I intimated before. If he reaches this house, *if* he reaches this house, we cannot refuse to let him see her."

Reginald comprehended the import of his father's closing words, and shuddered.

"How can he see my cousin, since she is not here?" he asked, quickly.

"But she may arrive before that time. At any rate, he will expect to find her here. How are we to account for her absence? and unless we do account for it, and to his entire satisfaction, he will leave no stone unturned until he finds her."

"True," said Reginald. He dropped his head into his hands. A strange pallor overspread his face, and a silence fell.

Suddenly he started to his feet. "We can't give her up!" he cried, vehemently. "We won't give her up! We have blinded and deceived her and her friends, thus far. We'll blind and deceive them to the end."

Mr. Chilton rose, too, and began to pace the floor.

"We are poor—poor as church mice, my boy," he groaned. "We will soon be beggars, unless Claudia mends our fortunes. We must make ourselves masters of her wealth at whatever risk. Do you hear—at *whatever* risk?"

"Yes, I hear."

"Then," his long fingers intertwining with a nervous movement, "tell me what we are to do? What can we do but——"

"Hush, father!" exclaimed the young man, shuddering a second time.

"Don't be a fool, Reginald. There is too much at stake for any squeamishness on our part. It is even worse than you think—much worse."

Reginald looked up at him irritably.

"What do you mean?"

"I have used some of Claudia's money already—more than I can replace—several thousand dollars."

He dropped into a seat, trembling all over. Great beads of perspiration came out on his forehead, and stood there. Putting out one of his shaky hands he added, in a hoarse whisper:

"Now, Reginald, you know what we risk if James Chilton reaches this house alive to-morrow."

"Yes, I know what we risk."

Reginald spoke so huskily that the words were scarcely audible. Then the two men, father and son, each looked into the other's face quickly, with a glance that was as suddenly averted.

The younger villain coldly turned away his face. His lips were white, and not easy of control.

"Yes, I know what we risk," he repeated, listlessly.

CHAPTER II.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

There was another moment of silence—silence so profound that nothing was audible in the room but the hoarse, deep breathing of the two men.

"Dolt!" Mr. Chilton broke out, sharply, at last. "Why don't you do something, or, at least, *say* something that will be of use to me? You have no feeling, Reginald. You'd see me ruined and disgraced, and never lift your hand to save me. Oh, ungrateful boy!"

There was something almost ludicrous in this burst of angry disappointment and recrimination to which Mr. Chilton gave way. But Reginald did not laugh at it. Instead, he wheeled back and again confronted his father—this time with a very white face.

"Do *I* lose nothing if we are detected in this infamous game we are playing?" he cried, bitterly. "Just Heaven! you have no cause to reproach me."

"Bah! The risk has all been mine. You would lose nothing save what you lost through me."

"I should lose the love of the only woman in all the world for whom I care a straw."

Mr. Chilton started. He looked up quickly at the white, convulsed face of his son.

"Do you mean Claudia?"

"I mean my Cousin Claudia."

"Ha!" Mr. Chilton dropped back in his chair and laughed to himself—a low, terrible laugh scarcely pleasant to hear.

"Is this so?" he added, after a minute's thinking. "Are you really sweet on the girl?"

"I love her."

The tone in which he spoke was almost a whisper. But it expressed volumes to the cunning, unprincipled man who was listening.

"Good!" he cried, rubbing his hands. "Marry her, and we can snap our fingers at James, and all the rest of the world. Marry her, and our fortunes are assured. My dear boy, nothing better could have happened. You love the girl—good, good, good! You must have made good use of your time during those flying visits you paid at the seminary. Now the next fact to ascertain is does the girl love you?"

Reginald slowly shook his head.

"I can't tell. I never asked her."

"Faugh!" muttered Mr. Chilton, impatiently. "Of course she does. We will take all that, for granted, if you please. What girl in her senses could resist you? Not Claudia Chilton, I am sure of that!"

After a slight pause, he added in a lower tone of voice—

"There is another reason why your Uncle James must never cross this threshold. Don't you see? His prejudices against us are unconquerable. He is a blunt, outspoken man. He will tell Claudia exactly what he thinks of us. What will be the natural result of such a communication. She will become suspicious of us to say the least. Your suit will be ruined at the outset. You can never resume it on the old footing."

"True—true!"

Reginald drew back a step. "Say no more," he muttered, hoarsely, pressing his hand to his brow. "Say no more. You have convinced me. I might run any other risk, but I cannot run the risk of losing Claudia."

"Quite right," chuckled Mr. Chilton. "Don't ever be too scrupulous, my boy. Scruples have ruined many a man. Cast them to the dogs where they belong. If you wish to succeed in this world, you must fight your good angel, sometimes, as well as the devil."

He rubbed his hands slyly together again, as he gave utterance to this infamous doctrine, and glanced at his son.

"Come, Reginald," he added, "draw up your chair to mine, and we will talk this matter over like men of sense."

The young man reluctantly obeyed. His face was still very white and he seemed very much agitated.

After a little he grew calmer, however. Familiarity breeds contempt of even death and crime themselves. He never raised his voice above a whisper, but, for many minutes he remained in close converse with his father.

When the interview ended, he at once called for his carriage and drove to the city.

It was a queer little den in a narrow lane of dilapidated and tumble-down houses that he sought. And here he found a small, wiry man of about forty years of age, with very bright, black eyes, a sweetly persuasive smile, and the oddest little bullet like head imaginable.

This man answered to the name of Lamont. He claimed to be of French extraction, and most likely was what he pretended.

Of his early history we know nothing. Even his legitimate business, if he had any, is a mystery to us. We only know that he had lived for years in this out-of-the-way lane the quietest and most uneventful life in the world, judging from appearances.

But it is an old and true saying that "appearances are not to be trusted."

He rose up with a bow and a smile when Reginald somewhat unceremoniously entered the apartment.

"Welcome, dear sir," he said, politely. "With all my heart I bid you welcome to my humble quarters."

Then he bobbed his bullet head a second time, all the while scrutinizing his guest somewhat sharply from the corners of his bright dark eyes.

Reginald threw himself into a chair. "I have no time to talk nonsense, Lamont," he said, abruptly. "You will excuse me if I come at once to the purpose of my present visit."

The little Frenchman shrugged his shoulders.

"Ahem! Then you really had an object in seeking my humble abode, dear sir? I might have known. Of course poor old Lamont of himself was not sufficient attraction to draw you here. Oh, no. Yes, by all means speak out. That is what I like."

"And plainly."

"The plainer the better."

"Then tell me at the beginning of this interview whether you are disposed to help a friend who is in trouble or not?"

"In trouble?"

"In the greatest trouble imaginable."

Those bright, ferret-like eyes crept up to Reginald's face for an instant, and were then withdrawn.

"My dear sir," said their owner, with a polite bow, "you have only to command. If poor little Lamont can serve you in any manner, he will be only too happy."

Reginald drew nearer, and dropped his hand upon the Frenchman's arm.

"In *any* manner?" he repeated, huskily. "I think you said in *any* manner?"

"I did," was the quiet answer.

"I am to take your words literally?"

"If you care so to take them."

At this point the eyes of the two men met. Each read the other in that glance. It took away every shadow of doubt or reserve.

Lamont drew back with an odd little laugh. "Come," said he, "don't be afraid. Make a clean breast of it. Poor Lamont wouldn't harm you if he could. He is deep and silent as the grave. But he cannot help you unless you trust him."

"I will trust you," said Reginald, quickly.

Then he told him the whole story of his difficulties—much more than the reader has learned, as yet. Lamont listened patiently. Not a muscle of his face changed, for the same sweetly-persuasive smile that had been on his lips at the beginning still clung to them at the end.

"I see," he said, calmly. "This Uncle James of yours is *de trop* just at present. You think he has been long enough in this world. You wish me to help him out of it?"

"Hush!" cried Reginald, looking nervously toward the door. "Don't speak so loud. You might be overheard."

"No danger. Very few people come to trouble Lamont."

Then he dropped his head into the palm of one hand, and sat very still for some minutes.

"I don't like this sort of thing," he said, presently. "I don't like it at all. It looks too brutal. Besides, it's dangerous. I don't like it."

"You shall be well paid," interrupted Reginald, eagerly.

"It isn't that. You ought to know it isn't that. But I have no sympathy with a cold-blooded murder. Cunning is the weapon to use, sir—cunning! It is less dangerous, and far more sure of accomplishing the wished-for result."

He paused to gather breath, and Reginald was about to make some angry retort, when he silenced him with a wave of the hand.

"I really believe you can do better than blood-letting,—I really do," he went on. "Let us talk the matter over a little more carefully. In the first place, do you happen to have a likeness of this troublesome uncle about you?"

"No. But there is one at Chilton Villa, taken years ago. You are welcome to that, if it will be of any service."

"Humph." Lamont looked down uneasily at his thin, white hands. He was evidently at a loss. "I doubt if it will. Mr. James Chilton may have changed very much since it was taken."

"Yes."

Reginald was silent a moment, then looked up, suddenly. A slight flush showed itself in his face.

"I have my Cousin Claudia's picture," he said, abruptly. "I took it from her album at the seminary."

"Good," chuckled Lamont. "Let me see it, if you please."

Somewhat reluctantly, Reginald produced a card photograph from his pocket-book, and handed it to his companion.

Lamont looked at it, then uttered a cry of genuine astonishment.

"Marvellous! Incredible!" he exclaimed.

"What do you mean?" demanded Reginald, angrily.

The Frenchman did not answer directly. But his black eyes began to glow and snap. He knitted his brow; he clenched his thin hands; he bit his thinner lip.

"Bravo!" he cried presently. "I have found a way out of the mess you are in at last! There shall be no bloodshed—no nothing that is disagreeable. Ah, ha! I'll arrange it all for you, my charming friend. Your Uncle James shall come as soon as he pleases; he shall go away no wiser than he came. Ah, ha! What do you think of that?"

Reginald lifted his eyes in which an angry light was burning.

"You talk like a fool. I don't understand you," he cried, irritably.

"No? Did it ever occur to you that there might be two women in the world with that face? Charming, isn't it?" and he leered whimsically at the photograph. "But, beautiful as it is, I have seen its exact counterpart, and know where to find it at this moment."

He stopped, and looked sharply into the amazed face of his companion.

"Do you catch my meaning now?" he purred. "Of course you do. Come, come. Have you a carriage? We must both go to consult with your honorable papa. Come, my charming friend."

CHAPTER III.

BETTY DEANE.

The city clocks had tolled the hour of eleven of that same night.

In her dingy little attic in Cherry street, higher up in the atmosphere than she really cared to be at that stage of her existence, sat Hetty Deane.

She was a very pretty girl, with hair like spun gold—really wonderful hair that had a knack of burning and blazing in the sunlight like a smouldering fire, or of growing soft and lustreless in the shade—eyes of the true wood-violet color—round, dimpled cheeks, and the prettiest little strawberry-colored mouth in the world.

A bright, cheery little woman was Hetty Deane. She brightened that homely apartment with her presence more than a dozen flaming jets of gas could have done.

A geranium bloomed in the window, and a silver-throated bird sat on his perch in the cage that hung above it, with his head under his wing—fast asleep.

As for Hetty herself, she was beginning to yawn over her work—some delicate embroidery that tired her eyes sadly—and to think of following birdie's example, when a quick step came up the creaking stairs, and there was a sharp rap at her door.

A visitor at that hour of the night!

"Come in," cried Hetty, without waiting to think how unusual this was.

The latch was lifted, and a small, dark, wiry man crossed the threshold.

He doffed his hat, and bowed very low, and looked at Hettie with the pleasantest and sweetest smile imaginable.

"Miss Deane, I presume?"

Hetty bowed, her heart beating a little faster than its wont. She remembered all at once, how late it was, and how utterly friendless her position if this strange visitor was disposed to be rude.

"You're afraid of me," he said, in a soft, subtle voice. "You tremble—you change color. Faugh! That is all wrong. Would little Lamont harm a single hair of your pretty head? Ah, never, never miss. He could not have so vile a heart," and he laid one thin hand over the organ in question with another of his gallant bows.

Hetty gathered courage. She had learned her visitor's name, at least, and that was a point gained.

"Did you wish to say anything particular to me, sir," she ventured.

"Oh, yes, yes. I'm only a messenger, miss. I come for my mistress. She is in sore distress. You must help her; indeed, indeed you must."

He looked hard at Hetty, his bright eyes flashing and blinking. Then of a sudden he snatched the piece of embroidery from her hands, and examined it closely in the the lamp-light.

"*You* did that?" he went on, glibly. "Oh, yes, of course. Then there can be no mistake. You are the person my mistress wants. You must come with me now, to-night. Quick, quick! Where is your hat and shawl?"

But Hetty drew back a step or two, in sore perplexity and dismay.

"You forget, sir," she said, gravely, "that you have not told me who your mistress is, or what she wants with me."

"Oh, oh! To be sure," and he nodded and smirked and smiled again, and put out one of his thin hands deprecatingly. "Little Lamont is an old fool. He never goes at anything in the proper manner. Pardon, miss, ten thousand pardons."

His smile was sweeter than ever. He waited a moment for Hetty to speak, but as she did not seem inclined to do so, he added hastily:

"Of course you wish to learn something of my mistress. Quite right—quite proper. Her name is Mrs. Belmountain. She resides in Madison Square. She starts for the mountains at two to-morrow. It's all very sudden—she is not nearly ready—there must be just so many laces, and fiddle-dee-dees, and furbelows, you know. Now of course you can guess the rest. Somebody recommended you—of course you must sit up and trim and plan all the night long. But you shall be well paid for it. Here is money, money, money, and plenty of it. See, I pay you in advance!"

As he spoke, he laughed aloud, and carelessly tossed two or three gold pieces on the table.

Hetty gave vent to a little cry of amazement. She picked up the yellow coins, and looked at them, sparkling in her palm.

"Twenty dollars!" cried she. "Surely your mistress would not pay me twenty dollars for a single night's work!"

"Oh, but she would, though," purred Lamont. "She is rich and generous. You must not disappoint her. Come, come. These moments are precious. Come, come. My mistress waits."

Hetty hesitated one little instant. Was there not something strange in this sudden summons?

But she was very poor. It would take her her a long, long while to earn twenty dollars. And there was the yellow gold tempting her, and there near the door stood Lamont, silently beckoning her to follow him.

Ere she was fully aware what she had done she found herself in the street, which looked strangely deserted and forbidding at this late hour, and her companion was helping her into a close carriage that stood in waiting.

Off she was whirled at a speed that almost took away her breath. Not a word was spoken. She could see Lamont in the opposite corner chuckling softly to himself. He seemed wonderfully well pleased at his success.

Suddenly Hetty started up.

"Something is wrong," she cried. "We have passed Madison Square!"

"No, no. You mistake," said Lamont, softly and soothingly.

"I tell you that we have. I know this part of the city perfectly. Ah, just Heaven, you have deceived me!"

She grew pale as death at the thought. She felt faint and sick with terror. Springing forward she stood with her hand on the knob of the door.

"Stop the carriage," she commanded. "I will go no farther."

"Miss be quiet, I beseech," pleaded Lamont. "No harm is intended you. I swear it upon my honor."

"Stop the carriage!" she cried, shrilly.

"You will not go with me?"

"No."

"But you *shall*, miss! How can you help yourself?" and the villain laughed and rubbed his thin hands together.

Hetty stared at him one instant as if she had taken leave of her senses. Then she recoiled a little, tugged fiercely at the door knob, and a shrill scream escaped her lips.

"Help, help!"

"The devil!" muttered Lamont, angrily. Stop that!"

He bounded to her side. The next instant his thin, supple hands slipped up to her mouth. An odd, sickishly sweet odor seemed to take away her breath. She gasped two or three times, a sudden, terrible film shut over her eyes, and then she knew no more for several minutes.

At last she heaved a deep sigh, and opened her eyes. "Where am I?" she asked.

Looking up, she saw that she was lying in Lamont's arms, and his smiling face was bending over her.

"You have been ill," he said, sweetly. "I thought to take care of you."

She started up in dire dismay. An awful fear tugged at her heart. The carriage-wheels had a sound that was strange. They were no longer rolling over flinty pavements, but glided smoothly. She glanced from the window. The city lights were no longer to be seen.

"Good God!"

Lamont only laughed at her distress. "Yes," he purred, "we are really in the country. In a few minutes we shall reach our destination. Now, my dear miss, you can scream if you like. Nobody will hear you but cruel Lamont, and he will do nothing to interfere."

Hetty sank into her seat, and began to sob. "You have cruelly deceived me."

"Perhaps. But it was necessary. You need not sob nor tremble. Nobody intends to harm you."

She looked up at him quickly.

"What is your purpose?"

"Faugh. To make a lady of you, miss. How would you like that? A nice role, wouldn't it be? Fine clothes, nothing to do, plenty to eat, and all that. Ha, ha!"

His mirth was forced, and made the poor girl shudder. There seemed something ghastly in it.

"I don't believe you," she sobbed. "You have some very wicked purpose in view."

"Do you think so? Ah, miss, you make a great mistake. You wrong poor Lamont. You are to assist in a harmless little plot. That is all—all, upon my honor."

At this instant the carriage stopped. Lamont alighted, helped Hetty out, and then grasped her hand very tightly in his own.

"Follow me," he whispered. "Come quietly, and all will be well. Resistance cannot help—but it *will hurt* you."

Hetty could not answer a word. More dead than alive, she suffered herself to be dragged up some steps, through a gloomy hall, and into a sudden burst of light.

Here two gentlemen were standing. Both were dark; the one was tall and thin, the other slight and elegantly built.

Eustace Chilton and his son Reginald.

Lamont advanced easily and gracefully. "Gentlemen," he said, "I have the honor of presenting Miss Hetty Doane."

Simultaneously, an exclamation of surprise burst from father and son.

"Wonderful!"

The Frenchman turned upon them.

"You see her for yourselves," he cried. "Now tell me is she like?"

"The perfect picture of my niece!" returned Mr. Chilton.

"Claudia's second-self!" murmured Reginald.

Lamont laughed. Bending toward the younger man, he whispered softly:

"Now confess that my way of helping you out of the difficulty into which you have fallen is the best one. Your Uncle James comes to-morrow. Hetty sees him, instead of Claudia. She tells him any story we may put her up to tell. He goes away thinking all is right, and she is happy. Brava! Claudia, on her side, does not have her mind filled with prejudice or suspicion. Brava, again! We have avoided two dangers at the same time." And the little Frenchman rubbed his hands together with a chuckle of the most intense satisfaction.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A Paris correspondent has discovered a man whose "cheek" is sublime in its immensity. This is the story which he tells: "A gentleman walking with his little boy on the banks of the Seine, the child slipped over the bank into the water, and would certainly have been drowned but for the courage of a man who was fishing, who jumped in and saved the boy. The father thanked him cordially, but asked him if he would add to the obligation, as he was already wet through, by swimming out for his son's cap."

☞ A reporter describing the dresses at a fashionable assembly, remarks: "The larger part of the dresses were literally on the floor."

☞ A Chicago woman tried to commit suicide by swallowing two yards of shoestrings, but had got so accustomed to lacing that they didn't have any effect upon her.

☞ A man at Indianapolis stirred up the tiger at the menagerie with his cane, and came near being hauled into the cage through a space four inches wide.

☞ A number of the Chinese workmen at North Adams, Mass., have cut off their pigtails.

☞ Within a year the consumption of opium in this country has increased about 1,000,000 ounces per month.

THE SECOND MABEL.

I.

About two years before the time of which I write, I had attained my twenty-first year, and after a long minority came into possession of the hereditary estate. I was an only child. My mother became a widow when she was only twenty-five; she remained one, bestowing the love of a true and kind heart on (to use her own words) all that was left her on earth. I was handsome, at least I heard that the fact was generally admitted; but, to be candid, I bestowed but little thought upon it. I may account for this singular phenomenon by stating that from an early age a love of nature, its beauty and magnificence, took possession of me. While I was at Oxford, my desire for travel increased, and it would have been gratified when I attained my majority had not my mother's delicate health detained me. I promised her that I would not leave England for some time, and contented myself the next summer with the quiet scenery of our own land. I had spent the month of June in one of the southern counties, making excursions into the country, sometimes leaving my hotel on foot, at others going in an open vehicle, and availing myself of the driver's information as to the places through which we passed.

It was on a morning early in July that I set out for one of those excursions. I had ordered an open carriage to be in readiness at nine o'clock. As I took my place in it, I said:

"I should like to go first to Soff Valley, thence to Arnley Castle."

The driver answered, "All right, sir," to the former order; but when I gave the second, he shook his head, while a rather comical expression passed over his face.

"You can see the castle from a little distance; but—"

He stopped and looked at me.

"But what?" I asked. "Can I not see the grounds? Are not visitors permitted to go through any part of the castle?"

His lips expanded into a broad grin as he replied:

"Well, if you *could* get leave to go in; I should not try it, if I were you, sir. Why, 'tis years since the gates were opened to a stranger; indeed, they never *are* opened, except when some of the ancients come out and go back again."

"The ancients!" I repeated. "Who are they?"

"The servants and all the rest of the people that Lord Arnley keeps shut up there," was the reply.

My curiosity was roused, and upon questioning him further, I learned that no visitor had entered the castle, under any pretext whatever, for the last twenty years or more. As I listened, I resolved that I would enter it before leaving that part of the country, little thinking at the moment how near was the event which was to gain for me what I desired.

As I drove along, the atmosphere, which had been heavy all the morning, became heavier still, until it seemed as if there was nothing to be breathed but burning hot air. We had been out a long time, and had driven about seven miles, when the sky became suddenly overcast with lowering clouds. A few minutes more, and the heavy drops of rain began to fall on my face.

"Don't you think, sir, that it would be better to turn back?" asked the driver. "There is a great storm coming on."

I saw that a storm was imminent, but to go back to the hotel would take too long. When I paused to consider, there was a low rumbling in the distance, and the rain began to fall faster.

"Better," I said, "to ask for admission at the castle-gate. You say it is only a mile farther on."

"Impossible, sir," he answered. "Lord Arnley would not admit you to save your life; and, if he did, I'd rather stay out under a hundred storms than go in there."

I was about to reply, when, dispelling for a moment the dense darkness by which we were surrounded, a vivid flash of lightning illuminated the country round. The horse sprang forward, and, as a crash of thunder pealed almost at the same moment, the driver lost all control over the animal, and it rushed on at mad speed.

"Hold on, sir!" he shouted. "A little longer, and—"

The words were lost in a loud roll of thunder. On we went at a terrific speed, flash after flash lighting up our way. A violent shock—a crash followed. I felt something very hard against my head, and a heavy weight pressed me down. I knew no more—consciousness had left me.

Whether a short or a long period of time had passed was unknown to me; but when next I moved my head, the great weight seemed to have been taken off it, and my hands were free. Slowly I opened my eyes, indistinctly the sound of a voice fell upon my ear. It became more distinct, so clear now that I could discern the words "He is becoming conscious."

I started, and seemed to regain my sight. I could see bending over me, while she laid her hand quietly on mine, an old woman, over whose head rose a little mountain of spotlessly white muslin frills.

"Lie still, very still," she said in a low voice.

"I must surely be dreaming," I thought; "this cannot be reality." But then I could not move; my limbs were sore, my head felt dizzy.

"Tell me—" I began.

"Hush, hush," she said, quietly laying a shriveled hand on my lips.

"You were nearly dead, you are getting better; the doctor says you must keep still, very still."

The recollection of the storm, and of being crushed beneath the vehicle, came back to me, and I closed my eyes. After a little time I opened them again. The old woman was at the other side of the room. I could see all plainly. The apartment was of considerable size, while everything in it was luxurious in style. As the old woman observed that I was looking round, she hastened to me, her footsteps made noiseless by the soft rich carpet.

"Only tell me," I said, as she came near, "where I am, and I shall not speak again until you give me leave."

"In Arnley Castle—there. Now be still; if not, you'll die."

I had heard enough—I was in Arnley Castle. Like a far-off dream I thought of my companion at the time of the storm. One effort more; I opened my eyes again.

"Answer me only this once. Where is the man who drove me here?"

"Drove you here!" she repeated, and chuckled something like a low grating laugh. "That tossed you into the ditch, you mean. Dead. There; now will you lie still, very still. If not, I'll place a bandage across your lips."

Whether I should run the risk of meriting the fulfilment of the threat or not, I had no time to consider; for the heavy curtains, which concealed the door of the room, were parted, and a gentleman entered, and walked quickly toward my bed. I had time to observe him. He was small almost to a deformity; he might not have been always so, perhaps his height lessened as he reached the advanced age indicated by his appearance. He might possibly have been any age from seventy to ninety. His eyes were effectually concealed by huge green glasses; his lips were fallen in, having evidently lost their support, while his aquiline nose appeared as if it would not be long separated from his chin.

"Lord Arnley," I thought, as I saw him approach me; and, without being able to define the reason, an intuitive fear came over me. What if he should touch me? I could not see his eyes; but I knew, I felt, that he was looking into my face. The green glasses were close to me. I started involuntarily; if my life was to be the forfeit, I could not have done otherwise.

"Ha, ha, ha!" sounded from his throat, while his thin lips parted, showing only vacancy where his teeth once had been. "All alive, I see," he began in a thin sharp tone. "Well, young gentleman, your eyes are big enough to discern that I am a man, and not a wild beast. Ha, ha, ha! What are you frightened of?"

"Excuse me sir," I said, my voice trembling, "I am—"

"I understand," he returned; "you took me for one of the goblins of Arnley Castle; it is said they abound here. Never mind, your life is saved; and now for details. What is your name?"

"Edward Fernmore," I replied.

"Good. Now will you leave this castle without asking any questions, as soon as you are well enough to do so?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Good. Now give me your hand. Why, what *are* you afraid of, young gentleman? I have been the family doctor at Arnley Castle for the last thirty years. Very good indeed; a little too quick," he muttered, as he held my reluctant hand in his and felt my pulse, seeming to time its beating with the lower part of his mouth, which moved with a saw-like motion.

"Warp!" he called, as he laid my hand on the bed. The old woman left her easy-chair at the other side of the room and came to him. "The patient is out of danger," he said, addressing her. "A recumbent position for three days longer; every sort of nourishment; no questions to be asked or answered; two days' sitting up; out of the castle on the sixth day from this. Now, good morning, sir; you'll not be so frightened when I come to-morrow."

"Will you be good enough to let me have paper and pen and ink?" I asked. "My mother will be in fearful anxiety at my silence."

Again he laughed in his throat.

"Capital!" he said; "the novelty of a letter from within these walls! You do not know, sir, what you ask. Your life is saved—the greatest benefit we could confer; it must content you."

He turned from me as he spoke, and left the room. I breathed freely. I was alone for the first time since I became conscious; for Warp, as the doctor called her, had gone out with him to bring me medicine, which I was determined not to take. The very idea of being offered anything prescribed by such a hideous old creature as he who had just left me, gave me, I fancied, something like cramp. Once more with intense anguish I thought of my mother. What would she think of my silence? She knew that if I lived I would not omit writing; the terrible suspense would be too much for her delicate constitution. I fear that, at that moment, it was anything but a blessing that I invoked on the head of the old doctor.

I was not left long to my thoughts. Warp returned in about ten minutes.

"One of these," she said, as she took from a huge pill-box a pill resembling in size a small marble, and held it between her forefinger and thumb—"one of these is to be taken three times a day. Open your mouth," she added in a peremptory tone. "I know the tricks of sick people; I have orders to see them taken."

"Good Heavens!" I thought, "if these fearful people saved my life in one way, they are going to take it in another." And summoning all my courage, I replied resolutely:

"I feel very grateful; but I am so well, that I do not need medicine."

"That would do anywhere but here," she answered tartly. I fancied her voice was fearfully ominous as she continued, "You are the first stranger that has passed the castle gates for many a year; you must take the consequences."

"Then," I thought, "I am a dead man."

"Come," she said, seeing me hesitate, "take this."

It seemed as if I was under the influence of a spell; for instantly, and without knowing why, I opened my mouth and swallowed what I believed was to deprive me of my life.

"There," she said, "you will be quiet after that."

I closed my eyes in utter despair. I felt the air dull and heavy. The afternoon was warm, and the damask curtains in the room made it almost insufferable.

"Will you be good enough to open the window?" I asked.

"That I shall not," she replied. "You will not feel it soon."

I groaned aloud. I was a doomed man. How else could it be? The words of the poor fellow who drove me along in the storm came back full upon me. I did not speak again; the perspiration started in large drops from my forehead, and my eyelids grew heavy. I tried to keep my eyes open; but figures so grotesque and horrible were gathering round my bed, that I was glad to close them on the sight.

When next I opened my eyes, it seemed to me as if I had been hours asleep. I looked round the room; there was no one in it, Warp was absent. It must have been night; for on a table at a little distance from me a lamp was burning, sending over the room a softened light, but the arrangement of the curtains kept my bed in a delicious shade. I felt quite refreshed; I could move my head and limbs with ease. "Let me see," I began to think; "there is no telling how long I have slept; it may have been for days." I looked round for my clothes. Oh, if I could only get away from this place! But I could see no trace of any kind of clothing. I lay still, dreading the return of Warp. I saw the curtains at the door-way move, and shuddered to think that she was coming again, although at that moment I felt as if I could have devoured fifty pill-boxes, contents and all; for it was a long time since I had tasted anything, with the exception of a drink. The curtains opened; but no, she did not appear. "Perhaps," I thought, "I am left here alone to die." Once again the curtains moved, and the next instant I held my breath, I was so fascinated by what I saw.

One who appeared too lovely for earth passed through the parted curtains and stood close to them. She held up one faultless hand, and bent forward, listening intently, as she looked in the direction of my bed. As she advanced toward me, she seemed to glide over the carpet, her light gauzy dress floating around her. Her face was almost child-like in its youthful beauty. She came half-way across the room, stopped, listened, and again moved on—nearer, now so near that I closed my eyes, for I knew that she was there believing that I slept. She must have bent down her head very near my face to get a view of it, for I felt the warm breath on my cheek. The next instant she stood erect again. I half opened my eyes, and saw her waving her hand above my bed; in a moment the air was filled with a delicious and invigorating perfume. With the same gliding step she went to one of the windows, opened it a little, and I felt the pure fresh air rush in. Once again she turned toward the bed and listened. The next moment the curtains had parted, and she was gone.

Long after I watched the part of the room where she had disappeared, hoping that she might return; at last, to my great delight, I saw the curtains parted again. Then I thought I must have been dreaming, for it was only Warp who walked in. My belief in the dream would have been confirmed but for the exclamations she uttered as she rushed to the open window, and bending out, seemed to be looking for something beneath it. Then she hurried to my bedside, being evidently surprised at seeing me there.

"If you attempt to open that window again," she said, "I'll put you into a room where iron bars will make you leave the window closed." I was silent; I bore all her wrath rather than say anything of the lovely visitor to my room. "You want no more nursing, I see; that one pill cured you. To-morrow I'll give up charge of you."

"You have been very, very kind," I began.

"Keep your thanks, young gentleman; I would do the same for a bird, a dog, anything that had life in it. Now that you are out of danger, I wish you were outside the castle-gate; 'tis not good to have you within it."

I slept well that night, dreaming alternately of my mother and of the lovely being of the evening before. I saw the former in an agony of mind, her hair, grown as white as snow, falling wildly about her. At another time I saw a young and beautiful girl bending over her and consoling her—my unknown visitor. I called in piteous accents to my mother, and while I did so I awoke.

"Dreaming of home, I rather think, young gentleman," said a voice close to me. I started, and the well-remembered green glasses were again before me. "Better, eh? *Well*, I should say. Not so frightened this morning." And the doctor laughed in the same disagreeable manner as before.

"I have to thank you very much, doctor, for my recovery."

"That you have," he returned, "if you only knew all. Well, well, better alive than dead. But you must get out of this place, out of the castle, to-morrow. To-day you leave this room for another prepared for you. There are your clothes;" and he pointed to some on a chair. "Now get out of your bed; I shall send a servant to assist you."

Before I could reply, he turned away and hurried from the room. As he went out an old valet entered, so like Warp that I almost decided that she was again before me in another form; but his voice was so different from hers, that I knew my first impression was wrong. He assisted me to dress. None of the clothes were my own, but all suited me exactly, and appeared to be of the most expensive kind.

"Glad to see you off that couch, sir," said the servant, as I finished dressing. "Change of air will make you strong, sir; the room ordered for you is a very delightful one."

"I have met with great attention and kindness here," I said; "I feel very grateful."

The man gave a peculiar laugh. "Only to save your life," he returned. "No one is entertained here."

"Now," I thought, "I have a chance of hearing something about this mysterious place—this old fellow is communicative. Indeed!" I said. "Lord Arnley is probably an invalid?" He was silent, and appeared not to have heard my remark. "Is Lady Arnley living?" I asked, becoming quite desperate in my resolution to obtain some information. "Any young ladies in the castle?"

At the last question he literally bounded from my side, and at a little distance from me exclaimed: "Let no one hear you ask that question within these walls, young gentleman. If you did, I would not answer for the consequences. Now, sir," he added, bowing, as if nothing had been spoken, "I will show you to your sitting-room."

I followed him through a long corridor, and up a flight of marble steps so white and polished, that it seemed as if no one had ascended them for a long time. At the top we reached a large square landing, at one side of which was an archway leading to a corridor corresponding with that near the bed-room. The servant opened the last door on the landing, saying, "Your room, sir;" and I walked in, while he held the door open for me. The luxury of the room I had left faded away before the gorgeousness of that into which I was then shown; but I looked in vain for any trace of those who were in the habit of using it. I reclined on one of the silken couches, feeling as if in a state of semi-consciousness I had been dropped into a fairy palace, all that was wanting being the lovely fairy of whom I had a glimpse the evening before. I must come down to every-day commonplace feelings, and say that I thought one thing more was wanting creature comforts. But I had not long to wait for the inviting luncheon, which was placed before me by the same old servant who had shown me into the room.

"Lord Arnley wishes me to tell you, sir, with his compliments, that he will visit you at three." Changing his tone, he added, in a low voice: "On your life do not repeat the question you asked me this morning."

I thanked him, took the hint, and, as I saw him depart, threw myself back on the low couch, which was close to an open window. There was not enough breeze to stir the lace curtains near me, yet it was deliciously cool. Again I thought of my mother. What tortures of mind she must be enduring! I closed my eyes—why should I not write it? I felt hot tears starting at the thought of so much suffering, which I was powerless to alleviate. Then I became sensible of that unaccountable feeling which sometimes tells us we are not alone. At the same moment a hand was laid on mine. I opened my eyes quickly, and there close to me, bending down over me, was the beautiful being I had seen in my room the evening before.

"Hush! Do not speak," she said, in a voice so low, so sweet, that I felt charmed as I listened. "You are weak," she continued, in a kind, pitying tone. "Take this; write to your mother. I will call again for it, and forward it to her; she must not reply to it. I have heard all; heard how you longed to write to her."

I stood up. "In what words shall I thank you? Only tell me who is so kind to me."

"Mabel Lynn," she answered quickly, and with a child-like *naiveté*: "but, if you value my peace, be silent."

"Then she left the room as noiselessly as she had entered, and I turned in mute astonishment to the little parcel in my hand for evidence that all was reality. It contained all requisites for writing, with the words: "Keep all out of sight," written on the cover in a small, finished hand. I need not say how joyfully I wrote and prepared the letter for my mother. I had only concluded it and laid all aside, when the old valet appeared to say that Lord Arnley was coming.

II.

I felt my heart beat as I fixed my eyes on the door, expecting when it would open to see an old gentleman quite as hideous and grotesque-looking as his servants and attendants. But when I saw Lord Arnley enter, I seemed in an instant to forget my peculiar position, surrounded as I was by mystery and by persons different from any I had ever seen—all, I say, was lost in surprise and admiration. Before me was one who was the very impersonation of dignity, almost majestic in appearance, his figure slightly bent, yet scarcely with age; for although his white hair, resting on his shoulders, at first sight would give that idea, the brightness of his sparkling black eyes contradicted it. Evidently other causes than time had given his hair that striking appearance, and left on his handsome face a settled expression of melancholy, which when he smiled looked sadder still.

He bowed low as he entered, and advancing quickly toward me, said,

"I bid you welcome to Arnley Castle, Mr. Fernmore, and congratulate you on your restoration to health."

I expressed my gratitude, I fear, in a very awkward way; for I had been so taken by surprise, that I had not time to recover my self-possession. Doubtless he noticed it, for he took my hand kindly.

"Ah, I see you are weak yet—very. Recline on this couch. Do not mind sitting up, I beg; your strength is not equal to it, Mr. Fernmore."

However, I politely persisted in sitting up; I felt so impressed by the presence I was in, that, do what I would, I could not lie down.

"Well, if you prefer it, sit up," he said, mildly, so mildly that I felt soothed by his voice. For a moment he placed his right hand over his eyes; when he removed it he looked at me so intently that I felt my face becoming red.

"Forgive me," he said quickly. "I distress you by my steady gaze; but there is a likeness in your features to one who rendered me a service so great, that the sacrifice of my life would not requite it. That was your father, Mr. Fernmore. You start," he said; "yes, yes, but for the name you gave, you would have been removed before now from within these walls, where stranger's foot has not trodden for many a year. I see that I surprise you. Doubtless you are anxious to know how you got in here. You shall hear all, if you will honor me with your company at eight o'clock this evening. My servant will conduct you to my room. Now tell me if my people have done all for you as you wished."

I was profuse in my expression of gratitude, and declared that nothing was wanting in their attention to me.

"That is as I wished it," he returned. "There are kind hearts beneath the guant exteriors my people present." My thoughts turned with the swiftness of lightning to the loveliness of Mabel Lynn. He said, quietly, but as if he could read my thoughts at a glance; "You think my people different from those you meet in everyday life, do you not, Mr. Fernmore? There was no exception, was there?"

"Very singular, indeed, my lord," I replied to the first question, "but truly kind."

"That is well," he said, withdrawing from my face the steady gaze with which he had regarded me while I answered. It seemed to me that he suspected the visit of the morning.

He rose, and again taking my hand with great kindness, said,

"This evening I shall see you again. If your hand and heart are as true as your father's, I shall not have to regret your gaining an entrance to Arnley Castle."

He bowed and went out, leaving me more perplexed and puzzled than before. He knew my father, then, years ago. Strange that I never heard Lord Arnley spoken of at home! True, I was young when my father died. Once only had I heard my mother mention the name; when speaking of the castle, she said that its owner had isolated himself from the rest of mankind.

I cannot tell the intensity of my excitement as the afternoon passed on. I expected each moment that Mabel would come, as she had said for the letter. Should I see her with Lord Arnley in the evening? And what should I hear, and to what would that interview lead? As the time went by, I was beginning to think she was not coming, when the door opened slowly and Mabel entered with a timid, cautious step and look. I walked forward to meet her.

"Is your letter ready?" she asked. "I have come for it."

"A thousand, thousand thanks for such exceeding kindness to me, a stranger," I replied, as I handed her the letter.

"No thanks are due to me, Mr. Fernmore; I am only performing a duty to one in sorrow—your mother. Now, good-bye; we do not meet again."

That I loved my mother very dearly is unquestionable; but at that moment I experienced something like a feeling of disappointment at hearing her declare that she did all for my mother, nothing, it seemed, for me. Only performing a duty. How cold the words sounded!

She turned to go as she said, "We do not meet again." All self-control left me when I heard the words; before I was well aware of the act I had taken a small, fair hand in mine.

"Not meet again!" I repeated. "Do unsay those words."

"It does not rest with me to unsay them," she answered, with simplicity, as, not hurriedly, she withdrew her hand. "You raved so piteously about your mother while you were ill, that I felt it would be wrong not to assist you to write to her."

"Then," I said, "Warp has told you all this?"

"No, oh, no; I heard you while I helped Warp to cool your head with vinegar and water." She laughed; it was a low musical laugh, but evidently involuntary, for she looked nervously around her, as if startled at the sound. Recovering herself, she continued, "I dare say your city belles would not like to dabble in vinegar and water;" and again her face was bright with the pleasantry her remark afforded her.

"Better than let a poor wretch die, was it not? Farewell; I wish you good health."

Before I could reply I was alone, standing where she had left me, almost stupefied at the turn her remarks had taken. Then, after all, Mabel looked on me, as a "poor wretch," whom she had condescended to nurse to save his life, rather than let him die—nothing more.

I went back to my couch sad and disheartened. I felt ill—it was not fancy—my head ached. Dinner was removed without being touched by me. "But I must rouse myself," I thought; "in another hour I shall have to meet Lord Arnley again." All chance of seeing Mabel with him was at an end.

At eight o'clock precisely the old servant came to show me to Lord Arnley's room. After passing through many corridors and descending some flights of stairs, I was ushered into a large room on the ground floor. One of the windows opened on a terrace, beyond which was a garden exquisitely laid out, and the perfume of flowers filled the air. Lord Arnley, who was alone, rose, and received me courteously. I sat, at his desire, in a large easy-chair, and he drew another opposite to mine, and took his place in it. While he was doing so, I noticed that the room corresponded with the other parts of the castle I had seen.

"Pray, Mr. Fernmore, don't stand on ceremony: just lean back in your chair. Shall I close the window? the air might injure you."

All this he said without stopping, but with such ease that in a moment I felt quite at home, and availed myself of the luxury of the velvet cushions at my back. Again I began to express my gratitude for his attention, but he asked me as a favor not to repeat my thanks.

"I see," he began, "that you are not as well as Dr. Mar thinks. In his opinion, you are fit to leave here to-morrow; I think otherwise. I have no doubt but you are curious to know how you got into this castle?" I expressed my desire to hear it, and he went on: "Under Providence, you owe your life to the old doctor who attended you. During that fearful storm he was coming in a carriage toward the castle, when he saw two men and a horse lying, as he thought, dead by the roadside. On examination, he found that life was not extinct in one—yourself; the other, apparently the driver, and the horse were past all aid—the lightning had done its work surely there. You were stunned by having been thrown violently from the vehicle. With his servant's help, he lifted you into the carriage, and thus was brought to Arnley Castle the first stranger for many years. I would not leave you outside the gates to die; and in vain might I try to tell you how my heart was raised in thankfulness when I found that the life thus saved was that of George Fernmore's son. Can you bear with an old man, Mr. Fernmore, while I tell you a tale of years ago, a tale of desolating woe—of a time when your father helped to soothe bruised and bleeding hearts?"

He had placed his hands on the edge of a little ornamental table that stood beside him; as he ceased speaking, he bent his head forward until it rested on them. When he raised it after a few minutes, his face was colorless, showing plainly the intensity of his emotion. "Pardon me, pray pardon me," he said; "indeed, I did not intend to let my feelings be seen, but—"

"I beg that you will not distress yourself, my lord," I replied. "I would listen and sympathize with you freely, but not when the remembrance pains you so much."

"It is due to you, Mr. Fernmore. I never had an opportunity of telling your father how grateful I was for his brotherly and loving act to me, therefore I must tell it to his son. I was not as old as you are, Mr. Fernmore, at the time to which I want to go back. I was in my twentieth year when I met one whom it was only to see and to know to love. I loved her, my after life showed me how deeply. She returned my love, and before I was twenty-one, she being a year younger, we were married. In three years I lost her; death had no respect for my deep love. One child, a daughter, was left to me in her place. As she grew up, she was the living image of my lost one, and she became the idol of my life. When she was seventeen, one who visited here with others under the name of a friend won her young heart. I saw it; sooner would I have seen her dead than wedded to him. I told him so; I prohibited his visits to the castle; but a viper, a snake, can sometimes enter despite our efforts.

"A word tells all. She left her home, left a father's heart, for one who cared more for the wealth she was expected to inherit than for the priceless treasure he had in her. The same day on which she left the castle they were married; after a week they returned, expecting to be received here. In an hour of passion and cruelty, I banished her from my presence, and she went forth a wanderer, I knew not whither—I never knew. Your father was a young man then. I do not doubt but he admired Mabel; had he sought her, he might have obtained her hand; perhaps later on he would have done so. He hurried to the castle when the news of the marriage got circulated. I saw that he felt deeply. He implored me to bring her back. No, fool that I was! I was inexorable—passion blinded reason.

"A few years had passed, miserable years, during which I lived a life of seclusion. They had passed, I say, when on a night in December—a night when the elements seemed to vie with one another in fury—a loud knocking at the gates roused all within the castle. The gates were opened, and your father rode into the courtyard. He came to the room where I was to ask assistance for a wretched being whom, as he was riding home from Erston, he had found dying in the storm by the wayside. A vehicle and servants were immediately at his command, and, half an hour after, a woman, holding an infant firmly to her bosom, was placed by the fire in the servant's hall. I went to see what service I could render. Her hair was partly covering her face, blown there by the wind and rain. It was put on one side."

The last few sentences were much broken by Lord Arnley's sobs. I was prepared for the sequel. He paused, looked at me with an expression of indescribable agony, and then said, in a voice scarcely above a whisper, "It was Mabel!" Again his head was bent down upon his hands at the edge of the table, and large white drops fell on the carpet at his feet.

"A little more and you will know all," he went on, recovering himself. "In three days she died. She lived to know that I had forgiven her. She was able to tell me that she had lost her husband within two years of their marriage; that she was making her way back to me, when she was overtaken by the storm, and Providence sent your father to save her. Her child lived; I sent her to the Continent to be educated—sent her away from a house of desolation, to spare her young life from sharing my mystery. I got a promise from your father to keep all secret, as if he had never seen such woe; he kept it. By a strange fatality, I did not meet him again before his death: thus I never could tell him all I felt. Then it was that I resolved—nothing more—that no strange foot should tread within these walls again. I have a regular establishment of old domestics. They have all they want, they can go and come as they like, I afford them every luxury; but none of them retain their old names. No, the outer world was to be no more to me; I, as it were, made up a little one for myself within these walls, and named each one as my fancy directed. To-morrow I shall show you where I pass my leisure hours, or rather, I should say, where most of my time is spent. You have heard all, Mr. Fernmore, or nearly all. Can you wonder that I welcome you and make an exception in your favor? Your father gave me the promise I asked; will you do the same now?"

I answered without hesitation; in my inmost heart I sympathized with him at that moment. He must have read my thoughts, for he said; "I see that you can feel for an old man's sorrow. I shall put aside ceremony; why should I practice it with the son of my best friend? Let me call you Edward, and old days will seem to come back once again. Now, you promise that, while you remain here, or after you have gone, you will in no way take advantage of anything you hear or see within these walls? In a word, in relation to all within them, you will never act without my knowledge or consent?"

I saw his meaning; I knew now who Mabel was—the second Mabel. Even to gain her love, I could not at that moment have withheld the promise.

"I am satisfied," he said. "You remain here as my guest, no longer on sufferance, waiting to be healed to take your departure. I would know more of you before we part. There is one duty of the host which I cannot perform, and you will excuse it. My resolution forbids me to sit with you at table; in all else consider yourself my guest. Doubtless you desire to communicate with your mother; I heard that you spoke of her while you were ill. Writing materials will be supplied to you. Tell her, with the compliments of a recluse," he added with extreme affability, "that you are treated as a Christian here; but no details, Edward; remember your promise. You are tired, I see that you are. To-morrow at noon I will show you what will both please and interest you."

We parted for the night. Not a word of Mabel. It was clear that I was to be kept in ignorance of her residence in the castle; yet I saw that my promise had been asked as a sort of safeguard lest I might see her.

At noon the next day I was again conducted by the same servant to Lord Arnley's room. He met me as if he had known me for a long time. His manner was gracious—more, it was so friendly, that I felt no longer in the presence of a stranger.

"I intend to be your physician, Edward," he said. "Old Mar declares that you are well enough to travel, while, in my opinion, you are not fit to bear any fatigue. A stroll in the grounds will refresh you. I will accompany you, and show you what I promised yesterday." We walked out on the terrace through the open window. The air

was light, while it was full of the perfume from the beds of flowers by which we were passing. At a little distance from the terrace there was a miniature lake of great beauty, close to which was a rustic summer-house, its exterior covered with branching creepers, while rose-trees hung over the entrance. Within were inviting-looking seats, round a table well supplied with books. Although Lord Arnley led me to it, his manner was embarrassed, as he said: "Rather picturesque, is it not? Yet I seldom use it."

"Just the place for Mabel," I thought.

He hurried from it, and seemed more at ease a little further on. We entered a plantation, beyond which I saw a high wall with a large door. When we reached it he rang a bell, and in an instant the door was opened. After crossing a spacious hall, we entered a small sitting-room plainly furnished, and having at one end a long book-case with three or four rows of shallow drawers below the shelves. He opened a few of these in succession, and showed me that they contained a beautiful collection of minerals from every part of the world, some of them dull and heavy, others sparkling with clusters of brilliant crystals. Below each was a neatly-written label, giving the name of the specimen and an account of its composition. The books on the shelves above were standard works on chemistry and its kindred sciences, by the leading writers on those subjects in England, France and Germany. He took down one or two, and opening them, pointed to the few words written on the fly-leaf, which showed that they were the gifts of the authors.

"You see," he said, with a smile, "I am not so secluded at Arnley Castle as to be cut off from corresponding with those who take an interest in the same pursuits as I do."

I stayed some time, looking over drawer after drawer of his cabinet, for I could see that he was pleased at my doing so. At length he proposed that we should turn into his workshop, as he called the well-furnished laboratory which we next entered. It was a room of considerable size, lighted by a sky-light, which was half open when we came in. Along one side there were a number of small brick-built furnaces, on which were large earthenware and metal retorts; one of these was lighted, and an old servant was busy preparing another. At the opposite end was a huge table, and the shelves running along the walls were covered with an immense collection of chemical apparatus. A glance told me that it was the laboratory of a hard-working, skilful chemist; and Lord Arnley appeared to be quite at home among his retorts and furnaces, for he began at once to speak to me of an investigation in which he was then engaged, and with the desire of showing me how he occupied his time, went to work at once, with the old servant's aid, explaining to me the various complex processes as he went on. When we had spent about half an hour in this way—and it passed very rapidly, for his interest in his favorite pursuit seemed quite contagious—we went out again into the garden.

"You see now how I pass my time," he said, as the door was closed after us and we turned away. "There, laboring in the cause of science, I often forget all my fears, troubles and anxieties."

He was still speaking on the subject when we left the plantation and approached the summer-house. Suddenly I saw the flowers round the entrance stirred, and a small white hand plucked one. In the same instant Mabel stepped out. She saw us, started back, and was hidden from view. I looked at Lord Arnley, I could not help it, and his usually pale face was crimson in a moment. He clasped his hands; and years may pass on, but I shall never forget his look of agony. From my soul I felt for him. His years far outnumbered mine; but, as if he were the younger, I took his clasped hand and said:

"I shall not betray you, my lord; I shall keep my promise. I have seen your granddaughter before this moment, when she was not aware that I saw her."

He turned from the arbor, and leaned on my arm as he walked on a few steps.

"Spoken like your father!" he said. "Can I be blamed for wishing to guard my second Mabel? Let us return to the castle," he added in a dejected tone. For once neither of us looked toward the summer-house in passing. When we reached his room he said, "An hour hence return to me, Edward; meantime order luncheon."

That hour seemed as long as three. What would its termination bring to me? I believe I was knocking at Lord Arnley's door when the last minute of it was passing. He had quite recovered his self-possession; he was even cheerful.

"I have thought," he said, "very deeply for more than half an hour, Edward; and after so much reflection, I feel quite convinced that Providence ruled that you should visit Arnley Castle. Old Mar is anxious to make your acquaintance out of the sick-room."

"And I am anxious to see him," I replied, "to express my thanks for his attention to me, and above all, for having picked me up by the wayside."

"Well, come to the next room; I shall be able to gratify you, I think."

On the opposite side of the large hall he opened a door, and bade me enter. "Here come the green glasses," I thought. But no! On a low ottoman by an open window sat Mabel Lynn, her head bent over a book, which she seemed intent on reading—so intent, that she did not notice our entrance; but I saw, from whatever cause it was, that her face and neck were becoming crimson, and when Lord Arnley called "Mabel," she stood up, looking a picture of confusion. He introduced me formally to her, and as he said the words, she seemed to recover her self-control. She bowed low, but as she took her seat again, she looked quickly at me—our eyes met. A thousand times might she call me a poor wretch, yet would I believe in my inmost heart that Mabel Lynn was not indifferent to me.

Lord Arnley's ease of manner soon set all right. We spoke without reserve of my providential escape and of our visit of the morning, and finally Dr. Mar was sent for. In one way only could I recognize the doctor of the sick-room—he still wore the green glasses; but his manner was so affable, that he did not seem to be the same person. He gave us a very graphic account of his finding me insensible on the road. I could have laughed—yes, heartily—at the style in which it was related, but for the sacrifice of the poor fellow's life of whose services I had availed myself that morning. When my visit to Mabel's drawing-room ended, I went back to my own room, after receiving an invitation from Lord Arnley to spend the evening with him and Mabel.

"Edward," he said, "I have placed more confidence in you than in any other man living. I did so first for your father's sake, for your own too."

I did not reply, but pressed his hand as we parted; and I could not help noticing that the sad expression on his face was changing to a happy smile.

Two weeks had passed, and on the next day I was to leave the castle—I was so strong and well that there was no cause for prolonging my visit—two weeks in which were hours and days of bliss too high, too enrapturing, to be set forth in formal words. Mabel Lynn's heart was mine: at no distant day her hand would be mine also, and all this with the knowledge and sanction of Lord Arnley.

I said I was to leave the castle next day. Mabel and I lingered in the garden. The calm, subdued light of sunset fell on all around, imparting yet more loveliness to the scene. Her hand rested in mine.

"Mabel," I said, "I have one question yet to ask you."

"Another!" she said, with her sweet, musical laugh.

"Yes; and I dread to ask it."

The expression of her face became serious. "Dread!" she repeated. "Edward, do you associate fear with Mabel Lynn?"

"Mabel, dear Mabel, do not look anxious; but I cannot get rid of an unpleasant recollection connected with the time when I was convalescent."

"Do say it at once, Edward!" she exclaimed. "I thought all was open and candid between us."

We were sitting on one of the seats in the arbor.

"Mabel," I said, "do you remember a remark you made on the day you brought me paper to write to my mother? It pained me then; even now, in these happy moments, it sometimes comes to me and throws a shadow over me."

"What is it?" she asked, looking anxiously into my face.

"You said," I began, "that it was better to dabble in vinegar and water than to let a poor wretch die."

The very castle walls seemed to re-echo the sound of her merry laugh. When she could compose herself, she said, "Ah, I see you felt a little hurt at being called a wretch. Are you happy now, Edward?" she asked suddenly.

"Happy!" I repeated. "Can you ask me that, Mabel?"

"Then you may date your happiness from the moment when I called you a poor wretch. Listen, Edward. You looked so sad, so weak, that I pitied you! you told me to unsay the words that we should not meet again. You were a stranger. I was extremely near showing you my feelings, so I said something that I could laugh at, and that would test you a little at the same time. Are you satisfied?" she said, with a charming, arch look. "If I had made a fool of myself that day, and let the tears start to my eyes, you never would have seen Mabel Lynn again."

Three months after, Lord Arnley gave into my possession the greatest treasure he possessed. He has left his seclusion, and has been more than once at Fernmore Hall.

OF COMMON CLAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

They were sitting on the piazza—Paul Wayne and Muriel Grey. He was reading to her from a paper that some one had left there.

"Here is a little poem. Let me read you this," he said.

And he read:

DECEIVED.

The saddest man I ever knew,
Was one who counted others true;
Who loved, and, loving, was deceived
In her whom he had most believed.

He laid in homage at her feet
His heart, an offering pure and sweet;
She, caring not for heart so pure,
For love that could through life endure,

Smiled at the thing she valued less
Than the blue ribbon of her dress,
And sought, the while *his* heart might break,
Some *other* heart's bliss to unmake.

I pitied him. His shattered faith
Was far more pitiful than death.
He had believed her good and true,
And loved, as only such men do;

Had loved that falsest of false things,
A butterfly with shining wings;
A woman with no woman's soul,
Life has its times of joy and dole,

But oh what time could sadder be
Than when a true man wakes to see—
And such things happen ever day—
His idol proved of common clay!

"Very pretty," she said, looking away to see where, along the blue line of the horizon the white sails of some fishing-boats flitted like shadowy spectres in the warm sunshine of the Summer afternoon.

"Yes, very pretty," Paul Wayne answered, "but I don't exactly agree with it. If one woman jilted me, I shouldn't lose my faith in all woman-kind, I think. If I loved a woman, and believed her true and womanly, and suddenly woke up from my dream to find that I had been deceived, I believe that the indignation I should feel at thought of her deceit would cast out the last trace of love for her—and I should be glad to know that I had found out what a false thing she was."

"I don't know," answered Muriel Grey, thoughtfully. "Not being a man, I haven't the least idea how I should feel under those circumstances."

"I am sure of one thing—I never could love a woman till I felt *sure* that she was *worth* loving," said Wayne, with a smile of tender meaning, as he looked at Muriel.

She dropped her eyes, while a little rose-color flushed up into her pale cheeks.

"Then you would satisfy yourself that the woman of your choice was *worth* loving, and love her afterward?" she asked, toying with her fan, and not looking up to meet his earnest gaze.

"Yes, I think so," he answered, slowly.

"I have always supposed love came unbidden, and when and where it pleased," she said. "I was not aware that it waited until references had been given as to character, in much the same style as we engage a servant."

Paul laughed.

"You are putting it in altogether a matter-of-fact light," he said. "What I meant was, that we must discover traits of character which are enough in themselves to command our respect and esteem, before we let the respect and esteem grow into a stronger feeling. It is these lovable traits of character in the persons we love that causes the love we feel, I take it. I don't pretend to understand anything about such things, however. They are too deep and subtle for my comprehension."

"Never having had any experience in that direction, I suppose?" laughed Muriel.

"Never; at least, till very lately," he answered, and smiled into her eyes again in that earnest way of his that could set Muriel Grey's heart to beating so that sometimes she thought he must hear it.

"It is to be hoped your theory will prove correct then, if you are having experience of that nature at the present time," she said. "It wouldn't be pleasant for you to find that you had been wholly wrong."

"I think I shall not find that I have been mistaken," he said, and then a delicious little silence fell about them that was full of sweet and quiet influences, that no words could add a charm to.

A week after that, Paul Wayne went from Seaview, to be gone a month.

He half wished, after he had told Muriel Grey good-bye, that he had told her how much he loved her, and asked her to be his wife. He loved her as he had never loved any woman before. He had come to Seaview with his mind fully made up to dislike her. He had heard a great deal about her. She had been called a coquette, and a flirt. He had a horror of women of that type. He met her, and made up his mind that people had misjudged her. She seemed a pure, womanly woman. There was no coquetry about her, that he could detect. She seemed to be as little given to flirting as any woman he had ever known. And after that he began to love her.

And Muriel Grey, under Paul Wayne's influence—under the influence of the man she loved, for she did love him as well as she could ever love any man—was wholly unlike the Muriel Grey that she used to be. She was content to listen to him; to be with him, caring nothing for attentions from other admirers.

"A woman must love me well enough to be true to me in presence and in absence; to never waver from her allegiance when I am far away or near at hand. If she does that in my absence which she would not dare to do when I am near, she is not the woman I could give my whole love and confidence to." Somewhere Paul had read that, and it was to him in affairs of love what the creed of faith is to some in church matters. Such a woman as he could love he believed Muriel Grey to be.

He stayed away a month. Going back he met a friend on the train who had been at Seaview in his absence, and they naturally began to talk about the people there.

"That Miss Grey is flirting with a young artist, now, they say," remarked his friend. "He must have come about the time you came away. He's dead in love with her, but it's plain to be seen she's fooling him. He might see it, too, if he wasn't so blind."

Paul suddenly lost his interest in the conversation. He couldn't believe that there was any truth in the story, and though he couldn't believe it, it troubled him.

He walked from the station to Seaview. There was a short cut over the hills and along the beach. This path he took. It seemed that Fate guided his footsteps, for coming around a sudden turn in the path he saw Muriel Grey and a gentleman sitting in the shadow of a rock.

He stopped when he saw them, and was turning back, when the gentleman bent and kissed her on her lips, with his whole soul in his face.

Just then she chanced to look that way, and saw Paul Wayne. She turned pale as death, and a little cry of astonishment came to her lips.

"Excuse me for intruding," said Wayne, coldly. "I was not aware that any one was here until I came around that rock. I will withdraw at once."

No one can imagine what his thoughts were as he went slowly back. After all he had been mistaken, and his idol had proved to be common clay.

Muriel Grey had lost the charm she held for him; she had lost the trust and confidence of the man she loved; and though she has married and has all that wealth can buy, she will never forget Paul Wayne; and, God pity him! he will never forget her!

HAGAR WESTON'S TRIAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY NANNIE.

"Hallowe'en, girls! Are we to sit quiet when just this one night of the three hundred and sixty-five, Fate lifts the dim curtain of the future to our wondering comprehension! No, a thousand times *no!* So my dear, puritanic Hagar for once lay aside your scruples, and let us try what that mysterious future has in store for us," and the speaker threw her arms lovingly around Hagar's neck.

It was a dear old house where our friends were gathered, nestled among the Massachusetts hills. Hagar's grandfather had built it. Here Hagar's mother had opened her black eyes, and Hagar's own sweet blue orbs had first beheld the light. Dear, gentle, charming Hagar, the idol of her father's heart, (for the energetic mother had years ago closed her eyes and folded her restless hands in the last long rest.) The one ewe lamb, patient, noble, brown-haired Hagar. It was Autumn, and a cheery fire blazed in the open grate, throwing its fanciful shadows over the golden curls and perfect faces of the city cousins, Nettie and Mamie Johnson, who had come up from Boston to spend a few weeks ere the opening of the Winter campaign; over the black hair and tall form of Hugh Vaughn, Hagar's accepted lover; over the bonnie brown braids that crowned Hagar's own shapely head; over the quaint old furniture and pictures, lingering around the piano, and dancing into the dark corners.

"Just this once *ma chere* cousin in honor of our grandmother's memory," still pleaded the coaxing tones.

"Well, Nettie, I've no objections I am sure, provided you wish it. Of course there is nothing in it. But as we are all sensible, and above the silly superstition, the amusement will be harmless. Let us adjourn to the kitchen. Allie has a fire, and we will soon settle our destinies."

"I pray you, fair ladies, do not doom me to solitude. I humbly crave permission to accompany you to the sibyl's haunts, that I, too, may learn somewhat of the good that Fate has in store for me," said Hugh as his laughing eyes sought Hagar's blushing face.

"Oh, knight of the woful countenance, our liege lady grants your petition. I see it by her smiling lips. So, forward march for the kitchen it is," and Nettie's silver laugh rang merrily through the clean, wide room as they entered.

The smouldering fire was soon crackling in the fireplace. The lead was melted and poured into water, where, after sputtering and hissing for a time, it assumed many and various shapes, causing much merriment. Then apples were eaten and the brown seeds counted, "one I love, two he loves," with blushes and smiles, and at last the crowning trial, naming chestnuts and placing them in pairs upon the coals. Hagar bent down over the coals to place the nuts just right, when an explosion suddenly took place, and with a low moan she fell back, tightly pressing her hands over her eyes. The mischief-loving Hugh had placed a percussion cap upon the hearth "to startle the girls," laughing in imagination at their terrified screams. But now, when he saw the result of his cruel trick, his lips grew pale, and raising the prostrate form in his arms, he cried passionately:

"Darling Hagar are you hurt? Speak to me, sweet one. Have I murdered her?" with an appealing look to the sisters who stood in dumb, pallid terror beside him.

"No! no! Dear Hugh, I am alive, but oh, my eyes. The pain is maddening. Please assist me to my room, and then go for a physician. I am afraid I am blind. Do not alarm father, but hasten, dear."

Carefully, tenderly they led her to her own quiet room, shaded the light, bathed the swollen eyelids, and then the cousins sat down to wait.

The physician came, a kindly, good man, and pronounced his verdict. Only one eye was injured, but that so severly that it must remain curtained in night.

"Oh, doctor, do not say that," wailed the sufferer; but it was so, and no human agency could remedy the mischief. Her beauty was gone, and amid the agony, the thought that he, for whom *she* would have shed her life's blood, (strange how much stronger is woman's love than man's) might look with aversion upon the face he was once so proud of, made it still harder, and so there was a great sob in the voice that said: "Not that, doctor, oh, not that! I cannot bear it."

But God is merciful, and her heart did not break. Not even when heartless Hugh so readily accepted the freedom she offered him. He was *proud*, and could not for a moment think of marrying so very plain a woman as Hagar Weston with one window to the soul shaded. Weeks of pain she passed in the darkened chamber, and then came once more among her friends—pale, but oh, so sad and sweet that one could almost weep to see her. Her father would gaze upon her altered countenance, and in his heart cursed the cowardly hand that caused the blight. But no one ever heard Hagar murmur, and when they brought her the paper recording the marriage of Hugh Vaughn with Nettie Johnson not even a repining word mingled with her good wishes.

Years have passed, and Hagar is thirty. Calmer, sweeter, more lovely than of old, art has in a great measure remedied the defect in her beauty, and there are those who will tell you to-day that in all the village there is not one *young* face so handsome as Hagar Weston's. Old Farmer Weston went to join the wife he loved, some years ago, blessing his daughter with his latest breath. Golden-haired Nettie has long since joined the angel-band, and Hugh, with his four lovely little girls, came back to his native town soon after. He saw our Hagar, and his old love revived, but she refused to listen to him. Said she:

"I think I buried my love for you twelve years ago to-night, when you so gladly severed our engagement. I can never be aught else to you save a *friend*. *That* I will try to be: for, with all your selfishness, I do not hate you."

He went away then a *sadder* and, let us hope, less selfish man. For a time he was angry, and would not permit his daughters to visit the farm-house, but after awhile his ire passed away, and though *he* never darkens her door, yet four little golden-haired girls think "Aunt Hagar" is perfection itself.

TRAIN.

GEORGE FRANCIS AT LARGE IN LONDON.

A London correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial writes as follows:—

Some of these days the United States may look out for a list of arbitrable claims from England for allowing George Francis Train to escape from the port of New York and cruise about this country. Train comes and goes, but usually he comes. He is here now. The newspapers take no notice of him whatever, and consequently he does not stay so long in London as he did in former times. The halls are not thrown open and crowded when he arrives. It was only by an accident that I heard of his making an appearance at an ancient workingmen's debating club, which meets nightly at the Green Dragon, in Fleet street. The room was full of the haze sent up from two-score pipes when the cloud-compelling Train made his appearance. The chairman said, in introducing Train, that, as he was an unusual visitor, he would not be limited in his speech to the ten minutes assigned to each speaker. Whereupon Train, beginning about 9, spoke until midnight, the hour at which the police order all public houses to be closed. In obedience to this edict of Old World tyranny Train had to sit down; but during his three hours he informed his awe-struck hearers of a good many things they didn't know before. He said he had presided over the Commune of Paris, and had personally set fire to the Tuileries. He admitted it to be doubtful whether he would be elected President in the coming election, as it was probable that Grant or Greeley (both of whom he abused unmercifully) would be ahead of him at the polls; "but in 1876, I shall certainly be elected President, and then I shall make the English Prime Minister pay down the three millions he owes me for my tramways, or so help me God! I will behead him." He then said that the secret of his power lay to a large extent in the fact that he neither smoked nor drank—each auditor here puffed his pipe and sipped his beer—and in all respects he led a rigidly moral life. "You may call me an egotist," he exclaimed: "I am—I glory in being an egotist. I stand for Manhood. *Vox populi, vox Trani.* The fact is, gentlemen, I am the biggest thing that has been got up on this planet for two thousand years." Train was not a bit exhausted by this, and if the landlord had not received a hint from the police, he might have been haranguing at the Green Dragon at this moment. When he left the room the whole company was at his tail, gazing as if he were a new species of kangaroo. One who had been listening, asked me if I knew whether he was a man of much influence in America.

Location of Houses.

Houses should be built on upland ground, with exposure to sun-light on every side. During epidemics, it has been noted by physicians that deaths occur more frequently on the shaded side of the street than on the sunny side; and in hospitals physicians have testified to the readiness with which diseases have yielded to treatment in sunny rooms, while in shaded rooms they have proved intractable.

Let there be no bogs, no marshes, no stagnant water in the neighborhood. Then let the cellars be thoroughly drained. Inattention to this subject has caused the death of many a person. No father or mother should rest one moment in peace while their innocent babes are sleeping in rooms over damp and mouldy cellars. Cellars should not only be drained, but thoroughly ventilated, otherwise the house must be unwholesome.

Let the drains also be constructed for the conduction of slops and sewage of all kinds to a common reservoir, at a distance from the dwelling, to be used for fertilizing purposes.

Door-yards should be kept clean and dry, composed largely of greensward, on which children may romp and play. This should be their play-ground, rather than the carpeted room. They are entitled to it, that the breath of Nature, and of Nature's God, as it filters down through the blue sky, may fan their rosy cheeks, and fill their souls with joy and their bodies with health.

Children in Schools.

A German physician has just come to the conclusion that children have bodies. The statistics which he has gathered, if they tell the truth, are a terrible warning against the over-stimulating of the minds of the young. One-third of the school children in Neufchatel, Switzerland, and in Darmstadt, is found were subject to the sick headache. Seventeen per cent. of the ten thousand scholars in and near the capital of Silesia were near-sighted. Curved spines, pulmonary diseases, caused by imperfect ventilation and inhaling of dust, were frequent. Here is a lesson for us. The amount of injury done to the child, directly and indirectly to mind and body, in our schools is alarming. Teachers are not always to blame; indeed, rarely are they. But committees, who shape the instruction and apportion the time, are generally the sinners. Ignorant of the philosophy of education, the laws of growth, they gauge the teacher, not by the influence he exerts, but the number of minutes spent in driving knowledge into memories already over-full. Quantity is the thing desired, not quality. Children in the fields till the age of seven, then at their school-tasks but four hours out of the twenty-four—that will be the golden age of childhood. God speed the happy day!—*Herald of Health.*

☞ Stokes, the taker-off of Fisk, and Foster, the car-hook murderer, occupy cells upon the same floor, and within twenty feet of each other, at the Tombs in New York. A correspondent writes: "Two men, now stricken in years, and both crushed by misfortune, now visit the prison several times a week. Each has a son imprisoned for murder. One of these men is the father of Foster, the other is the father of Stokes. What a spectacle to see the old men meeting in the corridor, each in search of a blood-stained child."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ A practical Kentucky editor calls the Autumn foliage the Dolly Varden costume of the trees.

☞ The river is so low at Pittsburg that milk is rising.

☞ The services in an Indianapolis church on a recent occasion were brought to an abrupt stop by the unmistakable sound of a loud kiss, which reverberated through the building.

☞ A gushing poet asks in the first line of a recent effusion, "How many weary pilgrims lie?" We give it up, but experience has taught us that there are a good many.

☞ "One flesh was made two a few days ago," is the way a Washington Territory paper announces a decree of divorce.

☞ If this is a borrowed paper you are reading, "drop it." Your neighbor don't pay his money to lend you.—*Times*, Albany, N. Y.

☞ In Boston a man, for spitting tobacco juice out of a window on a passing hat, has been fined $25.50.

☞ An Illinois man coughed so heartily that one of his ribs snapped.

☞ A German marble cutter of Albany has instituted a suit against a well-known dealer for payment of wages. The workman was instructed to cut upon a tombstone, "Let her soul rest in peace;" but being cramped for space, he abbreviated the sentence thus: "Let her soul r. i. p." The person who ordered the stone would not accept it, and it was returned to the dealer, who deducted the outlay he had been put to from the wages of the plaintiff.

☞ "Happy is the country that has no history," as the school-boy said on being flogged the third time for not knowing who was Henry the Sixth's wife.

☞ The Courier-Journal begins an interesting paragraph as follows:—"We referred the other day to a melancholy accident by which several boys had their necks broken by the falling of a scaffold on which they were engaged in blacking the boots of the editor of the St. Louis Globe." A country contempory picks it up straightway and asks, "Where is the dignity of the press?" Yes, that's it, where is the dignity of the press, where, oh! where is the dig, that's the question?

☞ A Western editor being asked to take tea with a lady friend, accepted. While at the table the lady observed that he had no spoon. "Is it possible," said she "that I forgot to give you a spoon? I could not have made such a mistake." "I have no spoon, madam," said the editor, rising from his seat, "and if you don't believe it you may search me."

☞ A new process for obtaining money has been devised in Louisville which is not particularly ingenious, but deserves notice for its novelty. A pair of enterprising sharpers took an unsophisticated stranger in hand, and after getting him drunk persuaded him that the best thing he could do was to take a bath. This was very likely true, but when they got him into a bath-tub they went through his clothes in a manner that he despised on coming to himself.

☞ A Newburg, North Carolina, shoemaker has done over a pair of shoes for a lady that have been her "fix-ups" for twenty-five years.

☞ An old lawyer says that the three most troublesome clients he ever had, were a young woman who wanted to be married, a married woman who wanted to be unmarried, and an old maid who didn't know what she wanted.

☞ A mud dredge in New York harbor has been named the Lucca.

☞ A Bordeaux prima donna is named Bass, and the good-natured Frenchmen avow themselves ready to take all of that kind of "Bass" they can get.

☞ A young lady, who has just returned from Europe, advises her friends not to go there, "unless you are sure that you know enough to appreciate the beauties of Europe. It lends such a charm to Italy to remember that among these groves of olive the immortal Beethoven sculptured the Medicean Venus and Shakspeare composed the sublime poem of Paradise Lost!"

☞ A cheap way of getting credit for liberality was devised by the managers of a fair in Illinois, who offered a premium to the oldest spinster present. Of course nobody claimed it.

☞ Here is a good business-like epitaph: "Here lies Jane Smith, wife of Thomas Smith, marble cutter. This monument was erected by her husband as a tribute to her memory and a specimen of his work. Monuments of the same style $250."

☞ A baby was left on board a steamboat at St. Paul the other day with a note stating that his name was Conrad B. Clark. Imagine the torturing curiosity of that child when he grows up to determine of what name "B" is the initial.

☞ A highway robber lately grabbed a lady by the nose and snatched her pocket-book. She, with great presence of mind, struck him across the face with a bar of soap. The fellow fled incontinently. He was not used to having soap applied to his face.

☞ C. F. Kennedy, of Altamont, California, has sued a lovely and wealthy widow for $50,000, because she didn't marry him when she said she would.

☞ Double-breasted jackets of thick pilot-cloth will be fashionable this winter for gentlemen.

☞ There are one thousand four hundred and fifty hunchbacks in Paris; one thousand one hundred persons with only one arm; one thousand two hundred with only one leg; one hundred and fifty legless, or moving along in a sort of bowl on wheels; four thousand eight hundred blind.

☞ One of Joaquin Miller's heroines is described by him as having "Thin, white, jeweled hands," and "Brown arms bare." Was she black, white or Indian? is the conundrum.

☞ The mother of a charming Dubuque girl would not let her marry a conductor, because she didn't want her doors slammed off.

☞ A winged calf is on exhibition at the Oregon State Fair. The man who owns it is looking for a rise in veal.

☞ A New York saloon-keeper advertises for "a boy to open oysters about fifteen years old."

The Culture of the Hair.—Just as surely as a soil infested with Canadian thistles can be made to produce fine crops of golden grain, the scalp now sparsely covered with harsh, dry, unmanageable hair can be made prolific of silken tresses. All that is necessary to effect the change in either case is the *right kind of fertilizer*. Leaving the agricultural chemists to determine how the barren land shall be made fruitful, we positively assert that LYON'S KATHAIRON is unequalled as a *fertilizer and beautifier of the head*. Twenty-five years of success is the basis of this unqualified statement. During that time it has been used by many millions of both sexes, and the first instance in which it has failed to fulfil the expectations of a rational purchaser has yet to be discovered. It will not cause hair to grow on a varnished gourd; but wherever the roots of the hirsute fibres remain undisturbed it will cause them to put forth new shoots, and in all cases where the hair has become thin it will increase its volume.

☞ When a Cleveland life insurance agent is attacked by an infuriated customer, he smiles and lets the latter hit him on his cheek. That is proof against any blow.

Don't hawk, hawk, spit, spit, blow, blow, and disgust everybody with your Catarrh and its offensive odor, when Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will speedily destroy all odor and arrest the discharge. 595.

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL

CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS,

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS,

KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER

COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA,

AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT;

PURIFIES THE BLOOD,

RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR;

CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

SECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S

PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., New York.

nov3-4t

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, *free of charge*. This noble remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D., New York City. oct14-1y

PROSPECTUS FOR 1873.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

BEAUTIFUL NEW PREMIUM CHROMO.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" call the attention of the ladies to their Magazine, as being just what a Lady's Magazine should be. Edited by a Lady, nothing but what is of the most refined and elevating character ever is admitted to its pages. Its Engravings, its Fashions, its Stories all bear evidence of the same refined and cultivated taste, which has endeared it to thousands of readers.

It will continue to publish Serials, Short Stories, Poetry, &c., from its old list of talented contributors. Among the Serials we may announce:—

THE MASTER OF GREYLANDS.
By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Lady Andinnian's Trial," etc.

UNA AND HER PRINCE.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "Una and Her Lions," etc.

A GIRL'S ROMANCE.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Queen Coquetta," etc.

A NOVELET.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "An Everyday Heroine," etc.

A NOVELET.
By Miss FANNIE HODGSON, author of "Kathleen's Love Story," "Rasburn," etc. [Miss Hodgson's Novelet will run through the whole year.]

FASHIONS, FANCY WORK, ETC.

Fine Engravings of the Fashions will represent the latest styles in Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Hats, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character, embracing pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections. These choice and elegant Engravings are a special feature of this Magazine, and should entitle it to the preference over all others.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most popular Music accompanies every number. The Music in it alone is worth double the price of the Magazine.

SPLENDID PREMIUMS

Sewing Machines, Plated Ware, Gold Chains, &c.

Those desiring to get up Lists of subscribers to the Lady's Friend, will be well compensated. The list of Premiums is the same as for the Post.

"LITTLE SAMUEL."

A beautiful Scriptural Chromo of the Child-Prophet Samuel, starting up from his sleep at the call of the Lord, and which has all the rich and glowing colors of a fine oil painting—will be sent to the getter-up of every club, and, *under special rates*, to every subscriber. This Chromo is copyrighted, and the regular price of it is Five Dollars. It cannot be obtained for less than that price, except in connection with "The Lady's Friend," or "The Saturday Evening Post." It is twelve by fifteen inches in size.

TERMS—With the Chromo—Always in Advance.

One copy of The Lady's Friend, and one copy of the Chromo of "Little Samuel,"	$2.50
One copy of the Lady's Friend, one of "The Saturday Evening Post," and one Chromo of "Little Samuel,"	3.00
Four copies of the Lady's Friend and four Chromos (and one Chromo gratis),	8.00
Eight copies of The Lady's Friend, and eight Chromos, (and one copy each of the Magazine and Chromo gratis, for the sender of the club),	16.00
Additional subscribers may be added to the above clubs at	2.00

☞ These clubs can be made up of THE LADY'S FRIEND and "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST" conjointly, if 50 cents is added for each number of THE POST taken.

TERMS—Without the Chromo—Always in Advance.

Without the Chromo, we will send the Magazine at the old rates. One copy for $2.00. Four copies for $6.00. Eight copies (and one gratis to the sender of the Club) for $12.00. All additional at $1.50. Copies of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST can be taken in these Clubs at $2.00 apiece, which is now THE POST'S lowest Club price. The Chromo of "Little Samuel" will be sent to the sender of each Club, as a special reward for his or her trouble; and to each club-subscriber for one dollar extra.

One copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) and one of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ($3.00) for $4.50.

OUR STEEL ENGRAVINGS.—Any one entitled a Chromo, may take in its place, if he so desires, a copy of either of our handsome Steel Engravings, "The Sisters," "One of Life's Happy Hours," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

☞ Those desirous of getting up a Club, or a Premium List, shall have a copy of the Magazine sent to them gratis. They would also find it advisable to remit one dollar, for which we will send a copy of the Chromo of "Little Samuel" in addition. They must state expressly, however, that they wish the Chromo for this purpose, or else it will not be furnished. If the Chromo gets seriously injured in canvassing for subscribers another will be sent to replace it.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit twelve cents extra, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order*.

☞ Ten cents should be forwarded *in all cases*, to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
319 *Walnut Street, Philadelphia.*

Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND, 20 cents.

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV. 9, 1872.

TERMS---Always in Advance.

"LITTLE SAMUEL."

A beautiful Scriptural Chromo of the Child-Prophet Samuel, starting up from his sleep at the call of the Lord, will be sent as a Premium to every single ($2.00) subscriber, who sends on ten cents to pay the expense of mailing, &c. It will also be sent to the getter-up of every Club.

RATES:

Single copy, $2.00 a year, payable in advance, not including postage, which is twenty cents a year, and payable at the office where the paper is received. Every single ($2.00) subscriber will be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, "LITTLE SAMUEL," or to either of our large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings—"The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Washington at Mount Vernon." [Ten cents must always be remitted to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo or Engraving.]

One copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ($3.00) and One of THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) for $4.50. Or, if the Premium Chromo or an Engraving is desired in addition, $5.10.

TO THOSE WHO DESIRE TO GET UP CLUBS.

If you wish to get up a club for THE POST, send us your name, and we will forward you, *free of charge*, a number of specimen copies of the paper, so that, with them, you can give your neighborhood a good canvassing.

TERMS OF CLUBS. For $8.00 we will send four copies of THE POST for one year to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending the Club shall be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, or to either of our beautiful Premium Steel Engravings, "The Sisters," "One of Life's Happy Hours," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

For $16 we will send eight copies to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending this Club shall be entitled to a copy *free*, and to a copy also of the Premium Chromo, or to either of our Premium engravings.

The senders of Clubs can afterwards add single copies at $2.00 each.

Any club-subscriber wishing the Chromo or an Engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

The above Clubs may be composed partly of THE POST and partly of THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired. The subscriptions to The Lady's Friend can be taken at $1.50 apiece, instead of $2.00. Thus four copies of THE POST, and four of THE LADY'S FRIEND will be sent for $14, and in the same proportion all through.

Special offers to those who wish to make up premium lists, will be found under that head.

CLUBS OR LISTS WITH CHROMO. Those desirous of getting up clubs with the Chromo, or Premium Lists, should remit one dollar, for which we will send them a copy of the Chromo. When the Club or List is forwarded, in case the Chromo has been injured in canvassing for subscribers, another will be sent to replace it.

☞ No deviation allowed from our regular terms. If less money is sent, the paper will be sent for a proportionate period.

WE WILL SEND YOU ANY NEWSPAPER OR MAGAZINE YOU WISH, IN CONNECTION WITH THE POST, AT A REDUCED PRICE—as follows: Any Paper or Magazine the regular price of which is $1.00 at 87 cts.; regular price $2.00 at $1.75; regular price $2.50 at $2.25; regular price $3.00 at $2.62; regular price $4.00 at $3.50; regular price $5.00 at $4.50.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ When additions are made to clubs, the new subscriptions must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order*.

☞ Ten cents should be forwarded, *in all cases*, where subscribers are entitled to and wish the Chromo or an engraving, to pay the expense of mailing.

BE CAREFUL IN OPENING THE WRAPPERS OF THE CHROMO OR ENGRAVINGS. Our subscribers are enjoined to be very careful in opening the wrappers of the Chromo or Engravings when they are received lest they should injure them.

Address **H. PETERSON & Co.,**

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

SPLENDID LIST OF PREMIUMS!

[We offer the following splendid list of Premiums, because we wish to increase our subscription list—and therefore mean to pay well those who will aid us in so doing. We prefer this mode to the usual expensive system of advertising.]

Mark! Every Subscriber in a Premium List is entitled to one of the Beautiful Chromos of

"LITTLE SAMUEL;"

representing the Child-Prophet as he is aroused from slumber by the voice of the Lord, (I. Samuel; Chapter 3.) This Chromo would be sold in the stores for $5. It is twelve by fifteen inches in size. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST," and "THE LADY'S FRIEND." The subscribers to THE LADY'S FRIEND may be taken at $2.50 instead of $3.00.

For 50	subscribers, at $3	each,	a Silver-plated Tea Set, including Coffee Pot, worth..... $50.00
For 40	"	"	a Lady's solid gold, long Opera Chain—with tassels and handsomely enamelled slides with Pearl settings, worth..... 40.00
For 30	"	"	a Lady's Fine Gold Watch, 18 karat, full jeweled, detached lever, worth 60.00 or a Grover & Baker's Sewing Machine, worth..... 55.00 or a 4-octave Melodeon, worth..... 50.00
For 30	"	"	a Full Jewelled, Detached Lever, Coin Silver Watch, worth..... 30.00
For 30	"	"	a Novelty Printing Press, worth..... 30.00
For 20	"	"	a Full Jewelled, Detached Lever, Coin Silver watch, worth..... 20.00
For 14	"	"	a Doty's Washing Machine, worth..... 14.00
For 12	"	"	a Silver-plated Cake Basket, worth..... 12.00 or a Silver-plated Ice Pitcher, worth..... 12.00 or a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, worth..... 12.00
For 10	"	"	a Silver-plated Castor, worth..... 10.00
For 9	"	"	a set of Parlor Billiards, worth..... 6.00 or a Set of Croquet, maple, worth..... 10.00 or a Set of "Le Cercle," (the new field game,) polished maple, worth. 10.00 or a Universal Clothes Wringer, worth..... 9.00
For 5	"	"	a Three-quart Ice Cream Freezer, (Packer,) worth..... 4.50
For 4	"	"	a Set of Six Croquet Balls, Tilton's Ebonite, worth..... 4.00
For 4	"	"	a set of Parlor Quoits, worth..... 3.00
For 2	"	"	One copy of "Pemberton; or, One Hundred Years Ago," by H. Peterson; bound in cloth, worth..... 1.75

GOLD PENS AND HOLDERS.

For 5	subscribers at $3	each,	No. 6 Pen, Solid Silver Extension Case, worth..... 4.00
For 6	"	"	Business, or No. 7 Pen, Telescopic Holder, (can be carried safely in vest pocket,) worth..... 4.50

The above Gold Pens are made by E. S. Johnson & Co., New York, and are of unequaled finish, elasticity and durability. They have been sold by first-class dealers for the past twenty years.

PEN AND POCKET KNIVES.

For 3	subscribers at $3	each,	One "Senator" Pocket Knife, 4 blades, Shell Handle, worth,..... 2.50 or Two Pruning Knives, 1 blade, Cocoa Handle, worth, each..... 1.25
For 5	"	"	One "Senator" Pocket Knife, 5 blades, Pearl Handle, Octagon, worth.. 4.50

PATENT HARD RUBBER HANDLE TABLE KNIVES.

For 5	subscribers, at $3	each,	Half-a-dozen Table Knives, Solid Oval Handle, Concave Bolster, Ivory tip, worth..... 4.00
For 4	"	"	Half-a-dozen Dessert Knives, Solid Oval Handle, Ivory tip, worth..... 3.75
For 5	"	"	One Pair Beef and Game Carvers, Ivory tip, worth..... 3.75

HEAVY SILVER PLATED KNIVES.

For 12	subscribers, at $3	each,	Half-a-dozen Silver Plated Table Knives, Heavy Oval Ivory Handles, worth..... 10.00
For 10	"	"	Half-a-dozen Silver Plated Dessert Knives, Heavy Oval Ivory Handles, worth..... 8.00
For 9	"	"	One Pair Carvers, Heavy Oval Superfine Ivory Handle, worth..... 7.00

HEAVILY SILVER PLATED SPOONS AND FORKS.

For 3	subscribers, at $3	each,	One Set Tea Spoons,	Extra Plate,	worth.....	2.25
For 5	"	"	" " "	Triple "	"	4.00
For 6	"	"	" " Dessert "	Extra "	"	4.25
For 8	"	"	" " "	Triple "	"	6.00
For 7	"	"	" " Table "	Extra "	"	5.50
For 10	"	"	" " "	Triple "	"	8.25
For 8	"	"	" " Forks,	Extra "	"	5.50
For 10	"	"	" " "	Triple "	"	8.25
For 4	"	"	A pair of Solid Oval Ivory Handle Butter Knives, Silver Plated, worth			3.00
For 6	"	"	One Child's Set, consisting of Pearl Handle Silver Plated Knife and Fork and Spoon in a fine Morocco Case, worth.....			6.50

☞ The above named goods are made at the celebrated manufactory of the Meriden Cutlery Co., Meriden, Conn., and by Reed & Barton, New York City, and are warranted A No. 1 in every particular. Premiums will be forwarded as rapidly as possible in their order. A set of Spoons, Forks, &c., is always half-a-dozen pieces.

OR ANYTHING ELSE!

Any person wishing articles not on the above list, will please let us know what they prefer, and we will arrange to furnish them. *On lists of four or over, a commission of twenty per cent., (one-fifth the amount,) may be retained, if the money is preferred to the Premium.*

REMARKS.

Everything offered in our list of Premiums is guaranteed to be an excellent article. The valuation is simply the usual retail price of the article in Philadelphia and New York. By means of purchasing at the best sources, and at wholesale prices, and giving advertising in return, we are enabled to offer these splendid inducements. Our only object is to increase our circulation—giving those who help us to do this the benefit of the Premiums.

☞ The lists may be made up for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST exclusively at $3.00, or for THE LADY'S FRIEND exclusively at $2.50, or partly for one and partly the other, as is desired. Both old and new subscribers may be counted in the lists of four or over. In lists of two or three, all must be *new* subscribers. Either of our Steel Engravings may be substituted for the Chromo.

The Canvasser for a list for Premiums would do well to take with him a copy of THE POST, a copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND, and one of our beautiful Premium Chromos. They will be sent to those desirous of making up lists (and to those only) for $1.00. When the List is forwarded, in case the Chromo has been injured in canvassing for subscribers, another Chromo will be sent in its place.

The articles will be sent by express, or as ordered. Nothing will be charged for packing or boxing. The freight, however, must be paid by the receiver of the Premium.

Subscriptions (with the money) should be remitted as fast as obtained, that the subscribers may receive their papers, magazines, and Chromos at once.

EVERY NAME DESIGNED FOR A PREMIUM LIST MUST BE SO MARKED WHEN SENT IN.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

Address **H. PETERSON & CO.,**

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

CONCERNING WEDDINGS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What makes folks always act so queerly at weddings? I've been at funerals, and I've been at weddings, when I couldn't help myself, and it's my experience that a funeral is infinitely jollier to go to than a wedding. If folks were at a capital-punishment party in a jail-yard, where a gentleman takes leave of society by means of a rope, they couldn't possibly be more mournfully sedate, more tearfully despondent than they are at a wedding. In a word, as far as I've observed, it's my candid opinion that a hanging is a gay and festive scene compared to a wedding, and the doomed convict a cheerful individual beside the woful person who has to sacrifice himself and be a bridegroom.

A wedding is a most thoroughly uncomfortable and unsatisfactory performance all around. At a certain appointed hour you squeeze your hands into your best pair of cleaned white gloves, and are ushered into the stiff and solemn best room where the execution is expected to take place. As you enter, the miserable, stupid victims who are there before you in that stiff and solemn best room, stare at you from head to foot, and notice how you walk, and what clothes you have on. Nobody says boo to a goose, except a few of the relations on both sides. On one side of the room, the pretty girls sit mum as Egyptian mummies, and pretend to be looking modestly down at the carpet; but all the time they are peeping at the young men, who sit mum as Egyptian mummies, on the other side of the room, and stare at the pretty girls without looking down at the carpet. There are the relations on both sides, huddled together in opposite corners, looking daggers at one another, and abusing one another in whispers, the Joneses criticising the dress and behavior of the low-bred Smiths, and the Smiths berating the insufferable self-conceit of the stuck-up Joneses. The Smiths wish poor John well, but a Jones is never the one to make a wife for a working man, and they won't be surprised if he goes to sticks in a year. However, poor John has made his bed, &c. The Joneses are nearly ready to cry with sympathy for poor dear Matilda, who has thrown herself away on a Smith. She'll never regret the step she is taking but once, and that 'll be forever, and it was the sorriest day of her life when she ever crossed the path of a Smith. Such pleasant little prophecies have a way of making young married folks feel so kind of agreeable all over.

Presently the bridegroom comes, perfectly happy and entirely at his ease in a pair of excruciatingly tight boots, and an unspeakable agony of mind lest his white choker should get "mussed" before the moment of execution. The unhappy man who is to be sacrificed daren't go down and make himself jolly along with his friends, the pretty girls and the young fellows in the parlor, and so divert his mind, by way of keeping his courage up. Dear me, no! Mrs. Grundy and the Joneses won't allow it. The Joneses nab that unhappy man the moment he arrives, and convey him off and shut him up in a room all alone by himself. They take this precaution lest the captive should run off yet and make his escape before the bride gets him safe under her thumb. And in this fearful solitude the poor soul remains, without a living soul to drop the smallest mite of the balm of consolation or hope into his lonely ear, until all the awful bridal paraphernalia are pinned fast to the lovely bride two hours behind time. Often and often I have tried to picture to myself the feelings of that solitary man, during this awful period of waiting, and I fancy they are very like the feelings of a man who is going to be hanged, during the last half-hour before execution, when the minister comes to pray with him, and the reporter comes to take down his last words for the newspapers.

Meantime, down in that solemn best room, the Smiths and the Joneses are still at it, and everybody else is still sitting like an Egyptian mummy, watching the other mummies wink. So exasperating, so utterly unendurable does that dread silence become, that you are just aching to come down suddenly upon your neighbor's corns, and make him howl like mad, or you think you would like jump up in the midst of that charmed circle and say:

"Kind Friends, do for mercy's sake fall over in a fit, somebody."

Presently the ministers come, and try to make a miserable show of being sociable, in a sort of professional, cut-and-dried, milk-and-watery way, infinitely worse than the owl-like silence which reigned before. Ministerial jollity at a wedding is *such* a humbug! You see right through it in a moment, you know, and always catch yourself wondering to yourself how many times those same very mild jokes have been perpetrated at weddings before. You know, all the while, that that hypocrite of a Brother Napes, and his associate, Brother Sipe, don't really feel a bit jolly in their hearts, that they are only making believe from a sense of duty, that they wouldn't dare be jolly for a moment like other people, 'cause it would endanger the dignity of their cloth.

All at once you hear a slight buzz-fuzz outside, a dread thrill passes through the room full of stupid, bored people, and all eyes roll expectant toward the door. The Moment has come, the Man has come, likewise the Woman. The bride looks sweetly pale, the bridegroom looks as anxious as if he hadn't even yet quite given up all hope of escape, looks as nervous and worried as Dundreary, when he went to pop the question. "A fellah alwayth feelth nervouth when he ith going to make an ath of himthelf," says Dundreary. Whenever I see a poor, helpless bridegroom being led up like a sheep to be sacrificed,—I don't know what makes me,—but I always think of a certain sentence in a metaphysical disquisition on the science of man. I always think of that sentence in connection with the bridegroom. Says that sentence,—says it: "Society prepares the crime; the criminal is only the instrument that executes it."

While the preacher is tying 'em together, in order to make things more cheerful generally, all the women begin to cry. I don't know what they do it for. I've studied on it, and I can't make it out, unless it is that the old 'uns cry because they know the troubles which await the poor bride, and the young ones cry because they are not in her place. Then after the knot is tied, the bridegroom looking still rather nervous and uncomfortable, as if, after all, he wasn't quite sure whether he hadn't made a mess of it,—they receive "congratulations," and have to kiss a dozen or so old humbugs with horrible breaths, and—it's over. Then, all appearing to be fully conscious of the ridiculousness of the thing, they march funereally out into the dining-room, and Brother Napes says grace through his nose, and they fall to and solemnly partake of ice-cream and baker's stuffs. Nobody feels quite at his or her ease, even after finishing the ice-cream and baker's stuffs. The bride is miserable lest some chap should put his foot through her train; and no matter what desperate efforts you make to entertain the bridegroom with your very best new jokes, he won't listen to you. His eye and his thoughts will wander off in the direction of the bride, for fear the other fellows will kiss her too much, or won't kiss her enough.

A wedding is a prodigious melancholy humbug. I never was at one in my life where the folks appeared to feel merry, and happy, and at their ease, or where they were not formal and stiff and stuck-up and stupid and bored and dismal. ZIG.

"LITTLE SAMUEL."

MY DEAR POST:—"The half has not been told me!" I was constrained to exclaim this morning, as I tore off the wrapper, and your charming Chromo of the "Child-prophet" was disclosed to view. I had heard so much in its praise, that I was prepared for something more than ordinary, but not quite for such a vision of exquisite loveliness as met my gaze. The first impulse was to fold the dimpled darling in my arms, and snatch, all unchidden, the fragrant kisses from warm, ruby lips that seem just ready to unclose. The next was to stand spell-bound in reverent awe, before the depths of wisdom and purity revealed in the wondering gaze of those child-eyes. One scarcely knows which most to admire, the pure, sweet, fresh young beauty of the child, or the earnest, tender, loving inspiration of the boy-prophet, as with dimpled hands clasped in reverent awe, he glances eagerly Heavenward, and the trusting response of his spotless soul is impressed on every mobile feature: "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth!"

It is a precious gem that will find a warm welcome in every home, and one that will both elevate and gladden the hearts of young and old. We owe you, my dear POST, warm thanks for such a vision of loveliness and purity. I can only wish that it may find its way into every household in the land.

Very truly yours,

Baltimore, Md. F. B. F.

FOR GOLD!

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GLEN CAROL.

Bewildering glances, and flashing repartee—cheeks flushed to scarlet, and eyes whose lustre outshines the diamonds that glitter at your throat and on your small white hands. A gay good-night through peals of silvery laughter—light footsteps tripping up the stair—the key's sharp click as it locks the chamber door—then—Heaven have mercy and pity! was it for *this* you bartered yourself away?

Trample the shining silks and costly laces under foot—fling your jewels in a glittering heap—glance around the room, replete with wealth's own luxury—look upon the exquisite image reflected in the shining mirrors that line the stately wall, and whisper low—low—that even the night-winds sighing through your chamber may never catch the story—the shameful truth—"Bought with a price!"

Cover, with white hands, your gleaming eyes—eyes that have grown weary of seeing, despite their brightness—there is one face remembered but too well, that must forever haunt your vision! What though seas dash in billowy blue, and cloud-kissed mountains rise, and deep, dark forests, balmy with odors of cedar and of pine, stretch dim between? What though the flame-flower trembles and quivers through the grass that wraps his grave? Thought and memory triumph over time and space, and the face once—aye! still dear—is ever near you—wearing always the look of mute anguish and pained surprise that it wore one fateful night, years, years ago, when you played a desperate game—staked hearts against diamonds, and diamonds won! Something broader and deeper than land and sea divided two lives from that hour. Something so bright and glittering that it should have reflected only sunshine, cast a shadow between—a shadow that will never be lifted until the long grass waves and rustles above *your* head, as it has waved and rustled above *his* this many and many a year! For death, tender and pitiful, brought precious balm to ease one heart's wild aching—but one must still throb on!

Away! away! Ye mocking memories! The dawn must never break on cheeks so pale with tears, and eyes so strained and wild! *He* has forgotten—cannot you, too, forget?

THE OLD COUPLE.

They sat in the sun together,
Till the day was almost gone,
And then at its close an angel
Stepped over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together,
He touched their eye-lids with balm,
And their last breath floated upward
Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal pair they traversed
The unseen mystical road,
That leads to the beautiful City,
Whose Builder and Maker is God.

Perhaps in that miracle country
They will give her lost youth back,
And the flowers of a vanished springtime,
Shall bloom in the spirit's track.

One draught of the living waters
Shall restore his manhood's prime,
And eternal years shall measure
The love that outliveth time.

But the shapes they left behind them—
The wrinkles and silver hair—
Made sacred to us by the kisses
The angels imprinted there—

We'll hide away in the meadow,
When the sun is low in the West,
Where the moonbeams cannot find them,
Nor the wind disturb their rest.

THE BIBLE:

Illustrated by Oriental Usages.

No. 28.

Eyes and Signs.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

One must be very familiar with the silence and gravity of Oriental courts and customs duly to appreciate many Scriptural expressions that relate to the intercourse between the higher and lower classes of society. The language in Ps. 123: 2, "As the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress, so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God," finds its full exponent in the stereotyped features of ordinary Eastern life; though, trained as we are, *our* minds are little capable of grasping the exceeding beauty and significance of the words. Accustomed, as are all Western nations, to give free expression *in words* to their thoughts and wishes, they attach little meaning to *signs*; nor do they think of attributing blame to servants or others who fail to comprehend orders that have not been plainly *spoken* and heard. But it is very different in the East, where a silent and grave demeanor is reckoned as an inferior's first duty toward those entitled to obedience at his hands, and a simple beck or nod on the part of the superior is as fully understood as any outspoken word could be by those whose whole lives are spent in watching with deferential respect the motions of their lord's hand, and the lines of his countenance,—reading for themselves life or death, peace and prosperity, or degradation and ruin, as the despot smiles or frowns.

The most important orders are given and received in total silence; while the rise or fall of a finger, the very droop of an eyelid, may be the death-warrant of scores or hundreds of defenceless human beings.

Baron du Tott, recounting the ceremonies of an interview with the Pacha, mentions that while he himself was conversing with the Vizier, the *Murzah Aga*, or provost-marshal, came in, and in whispered tones addressed a few words to the Pacha. "The only answer given," says the Ambassador, "was a *slight, horizontal motion of the Pacha's hand.* Yet when we left the audience-hall, we found just outside of the first gate, *nine human heads cut off and placed in a row*, as the terrible explanation of the *sign* made use of in our presence." The appointment or reception of an embassy, the bestowal of honors, or the degradation of an official, may all be arranged in the same undemonstrative manner, and with as little *apparent* feeling, on the part of the high dignitary, as would mark his rising or retiring to rest on any ordinary occasion. The superior is *too dignified* to manifest emotion, whatever he may feel; and inferiors regard it as *unbecoming their station.* Thus it happens that at public gatherings, composed of different classes of society, such unbroken silence prevails, that one who knew nothing of Oriental taciturnity, would naturally suppose he had fallen in with an assemblage of *mutes.* Especially is all this true of the nations of *Western* Asia, the lands of the Bible; and there is a current proverb among the Turks, that "two Franks will make more noise in giving and receiving an invitation to dinner, than a hundred Turks in arranging the affairs of a whole caravan." Nor can an Oriental possibly comprehend the familiar consultations and verbal commands so common among European tourists, in their intercourse with guides, dragomans and other subordinates.

In the court-yards, where often hundreds of servants are congregated, in waiting for their masters, who may be at the Divan, or in some other part of the seraglio, so profound is the silence, that one might fancy himself in an abode of the dead, or that Somnus had suddenly placed his seal upon the lips and eyes of all present. But apart from all ideas of decorum, conversation would still be impracticable under the circumstances, for the attendant servants are so completely absorbed, each in watching for the appearance of his own lord, and to be read to obey the faintest signal that may be given, that they have neither eye nor ear for less important communications. How beautiful is the synonym thus furnished of the inner life of the Christian, "whom, when his Lord shall come, He shall find watching." A soldier on duty, a servant in attendance on a prince—he knows not at what moment he may be called, nor "the sign of *His* appearing;" nor yet the character of the summons, whether it be to rest or labor; and so he waits, humbly watching, earnestly listening—not engrossed with his own affairs, nor cumbered with the luxuries and laxities of the present life, but ready at the first *sign* or token of his Lord's will, to follow where He shall lead.

It is often said as a reproach that *women*, when together, *will talk*, let the penalty be never so great. This is certainly *not true in Oriental lands*, where I have seen scores and sometimes hundreds of lovely and intelligent women maintaining, for hours together, when in the presence of royalty, the most deferential silence, and watching with a constancy that no attraction could divert, the *very eyes and hands of their mistress*, drawing thence indications of her will that *my* utmost skill failed to decipher. I was once on a visit to a royal lady, and when I rose to take my leave, she gently detained me, with the words: "I have just ordered refreshments, do me the favor to remain till they can be served." *Not once*, during the hours I had been with her, had she addressed a *word* to any of the score or two of attendants who waited to do her bidding; but I remembered to have seen the princess once carelessly *join her hands* for a moment, and immediately after some half-a-dozen of her maidens moved noiselessly from the august presence, though *whither* or *wherefore* I knew not. When after a brief interval they returned, accompanied by many others, each laden with some article for the table, I understood at once *how* the "order" had been given. In five minutes more, without a word being spoken, or the sound of a foot-fall heard, a princely feast had been spread in the room where I sat; and then the laying of an embroidered napkin at the feet of the princess and myself was the *silent* announcement that all was ready. During the repast *not a word was uttered, even in a whisper*, by any of the fifty or more *female* servants, whose eyes never wandered for an instant from the face of their mistress, except to execute her orders. How these orders were understood was a mystery to me, for though I was continually on the alert, the *signs* were so slight as to be utterly beyond *my* comprehension. How needful, under such a state of affairs, that "the eyes of a maiden (should be) unto the hand of her mistress." There is yet another aspect of this subject that strikes the thoughtful reader as touchingly beautiful, by pointing to the intimate relations existing between the people of God and their acknowledged Lord. The language of *signs* used by Orientals, though unintelligible to the uninitiated, is perfectly understood by those belonging to "the household," because it is the study of their whole lives to read aright these exponents of their Lord's will, and their attention is never diverted to affairs of inferior moment. So, while to the world's votaries the divine character and Word may be as a sealed volume, the eyes of the Christian should ever "wait upon the Lord"—His Word and His Providence—pondering carefully the leadings of divine wisdom, "following on to know the Lord," till he shall be perfected in that language that shall convey to him the intimation of the Master's will, though never so faintly expressed.

When the prophets under the *old* dispensation were divinely directed to *act* out, in part, their instructions to the people, it was a simple and natural method, readily comprehended by those to whom the holy messengers were sent; though to *us* it seems, as we read, forced and undignified. When Isaiah says he and his children are for *signs;* and when Jeremiah found his "girdle marred" as a *sign;* and when Ezekiel was a *sign* to the people in not mourning for his dead, in digging through the wall, &c., they employed the mode of instruction most feeble to the mind of an Oriental, because it was one in constant, daily use among them in ordinary affairs.

HUSBANDS WHO NEED A TALKING TO.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR MR. POST—I wish "Zig," or somebody would tell what in the world becomes of a man's gallantry after he is married. Why don't they act the lover after, as well as before, marriage? I think men ought to love their wives much more than they did their lady-loves—they all say they do; no doubt but they speak the truth—yet why, in the name of common sense don't they show it as they did in their courting days? Now if you are a sweetheart *he* can't do too much for you—oh, no; you are always supplied with bouquets, sweetmeats, &c., and if you are at church on a warm sultry day you don't have to beg dear Charles to bring you a glass of water—if you're a wife you do—unless yours is a very extraordinary case. Now, I did know one couple, and only one, who passed through life to the very verge of the grave, and were as lover-like and attentive to one another as when in their honeymoon. Would that there were more such. If men could realize how much pleasure these little attentions afford their wives they would show more of them.

A new book, a roll of music, a bunch of flowers coming from husband to wife is a rare occasion. Now if you call his attention to it by saying, "Charles, you must get me such and such a book, or I must have a bouquet for the ball this evening," you'll get it, but if you depend upon Charles for any of these little things without asking for them you are not apt to get them. These staid Benedicts need a little "stirring up." "Zig" can't you do it? DAISY BURNS.

The Gifts of the Gods.

A tenor voice is the thing a modern countryman ought to ask Jupiter for, if the god offered to grant any one request he might prefer, as he did Hodge in the fable. For a tenor voice of high quality and a good ear for music confer on their lucky possessor the power to convert all he touches into gold. Perhaps a splendid soprano is even better. A prima donna will be fought for by rival managers—will be implored to go to all parts of the compass at once; and, failing this, will spend her year in London, Paris, St. Petersburg, Cairo and New York. One lady has been receiving £150 a night in London all this season, and is to have £200 a night in New York. The true history of a peasant girl who becomes a prima donna in grand opera would be a very instructive tale; from the day when a little child it is found out that she sings better than any other child in the village, to the day when she makes her last courtesy before the foot-lights. What a story! The village gossips remark the sweetness of her voice—the parents find a patron who pays for masters—she is discovered by a manager, speculated in, brought out, makes a great success—is followed about from capital to capital by a tribe of pensioners, including her respectable parents, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts and cousins to the fiftieth remove, every sort of master she ever had—everybody that can show the least claim to help empty her purse. And they all fawn on her, flatter her, cajole and deceive her, until she marries the man she loves, who pawns her diamonds, breaks her heart, and dissipates twice the income of a princess of the blood at the gaming table. Though this picture has too often been realized in the history of the lyric stage, it must in fairness be said that there are many happy exceptions in the cases of great public favorites, who have found in their husbands better managers of their property and their affairs of business than any less interested agents possibly could become.

Something in the Shape of a Wheat Field.

Let our Eastern readers try to form some conception of the way wheat is grown in California, from the following statement gathered from the San Francisco Bulletin. There is a wheat field in the San Joaquin Valley which covers 36,000 acres! The crop this year is reputed to average 40 bushels per acre, or 1,440,000 bushels in all, which would require over forty ships of medium size to transport it to market. One side of this "lot" is 17 miles long. When ploughed, ten four-horse teams were attached to ten gang ploughs, each gang having four ploughs. Lunch was served at a mid-way station, and supper at the terminus, 17 miles from the place of starting. The grain was cut by twenty of the largest reapers. There are two other wheat fields in this valley, one of which contains 23,000 acres and the other 17,000. Then, as an offset to this magnificent statement, we have this:—"There are thousands of tons of wheat which cannot be taken out of the valley this season, and must remain over, a dead capital, or, what is nearly as undesirable, will only command advances at heavy rates of interest."

☞ In a recent book ("A Burgundian Vintage"), by Amelia B. Edwards, who has written some charming novels, there occurs a passage calculated to amuse American readers. Speaking of a busy scene, the writer says: "All day long, like *an overseer in a Massachusetts cotton-field*, Claude paces backward and forward between the courtyard and the vineyards, observant of everything," &c. It appears singular that an author, whose books show that she is a highly educated person, should betray such culpable ignorance. As well might she tell us of the beauties of Niagara as seen in Philadelphia.

THE BEST OF THE BALL.

At last! O, sensation delicious!
At last, it is here, it is here!
That moment supremely auspicious
In the jolliest ball of the year.

It is all as I dreamt it would happen—
The rooms grown oppressive with heat,
And my darling, alarmed with the crowding,
Suggesting a timely retreat.

"Not there; not among the exotics;
I faint with that fragrance of theirs.
Let us go—it will be so refreshing—
And find out a seat on the stairs."

How dear are the lips that could utter
Such exquisite music as this!
How I listened, my heart all a-flutter,
Assenting, transported with bliss!

All the house with the dancers is throbbing,
The music seems born of the air;
O, joy of all joy the extremest,
To sit, as I sit, on a stair!

To sit, and to gaze on my darling,
Enraptured in thrilling delight,
As I think, "Never face could be fairer,
Nor eyes half so tenderly bright."

It is all as I knew it would happen,
Yes, no; there is something I miss—
The eloquent words I intended
To speak in a moment like this.

They were tender, and soft and poetic,
And I thought, "As I tenderly speak,
She will smile, and a blush sympathetic
Will crimson the rose in her cheek."

And now that we sit here together,
I only—do all that I can—
Converse on the ball and the weather,
While she opens and closes her fan.

What I thought to have said was audacious,
Her ear it would surely offend;
She would turn from me, no longer gracious,
And frown my delight to an end.

Far better to talk of the weather,
Or ponder in rapture supreme:
'Tis so joyous to sit here together,
So pleasant to wake and to dream!

Contented, long hours we could measure,
Forgetting, forgotten by all;
Nor envy the dancers their pleasure,
For ours is the best of the ball. W. S.

PERSONAL.

Nilsson writes that she intends to build an elegant residence on her Illinois estate for a Summer country-seat.

Tom Thumb is giving exhibitions of himself again.

Père Hyacinthe and his new wife are going to start a newspaper.

The New York Herald Club will receive Stanley with a banquet.

Professor Stowe, husband of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, was lately stricken with paralysis.

Macdonald, the lecturer, like a true Highlander, always wears in his walks the Scotch bonnet, decorated with the insignia of his clan.

Froude is tall, wears side whiskers, and drawls a little when he speaks.

Joaquin Miller isn't going to Europe. He has cut his hair, and is going into a project for freeing Cuba. He will find that a bigger job than singing songs of the Sierras.

Mr. Froude pronounces his name to rhyme with "mood."

Precisely how Mrs. Joaquin Miller appears to the California interviewer is thus stated: "She is tall and rather fragile in appearance. Her eyes are soft, but do not lack courage. She was standing in the centre of the room, holding a sheet of manuscript in her hand, and, with her dark tresses of rich, wavy hair flowing unconfined over her shoulders, would at that moment have formed a fine subject for the brush of an artist."

A lady says of Professor Tyndall, now lecturing in Philadelphia: "He is of somewhat more than medium height, lithe, quick-motioned, muscular, but slight rather than stout; with a face of somewhat clerical type; brown hair brushed across a broad but not high forehead; keen, bright, pleasant eyes, over which he has a trick of now and then dropping the lids completely, for a sentence or two; straight, rather large nose; clean-shaven lips, not curved at all, but large and flexible; a chin slightly retreating but by no means weak. This face is surrounded by a thick fringe of grayish beard—a most agreeable face it is, but not handsome. Some one said of women, 'They don't make 'em pious and pretty both;' so I suppose scientific and handsome would be too much. The lecturer wears evening dress, white cravat and all—they have good tailors in London. He commences to speak with what almost seems like abruptness, because he goes right on from the place where he left off in the preceding lecture. He folds his arms, a favorite gesture, and says: 'The soap-bubble exalted in the mind of Newton all manner of reflections. Why should it be colored? Why should the colors vary? Why, in order to possess color, must it be blown out thin?' With arms still folded, he pauses a breathless second after this Newtonian conundrum. I didn't know the wherefore, so under my breath I said 'Why?' in italics, like Miss Jainie Straithmere, and waited."

Not many days ago, M. Thiers received from his Paris tailor a handsome dressing-gown. When the parcel was handed to the President there were three women present: his wife, his sister-in-law, and a friend of theirs. The President tried it on, and found only one fault with it, namely, that it was somewhat too long, and suggested that it was a fault which might be easily remedied at home, without sending it back to the tailor. To this the women assented. Madame Thiers wished to surprise her husband, and contrived during the course of the evening to shorten the dressing-gown and lay it back in its place unperceived. In her hurry to get it done quickly, she did not notice that her sister had been beforehand with her, and had already completed the task. Later on in the evening the friend stole away from the company, and carried out the idea that she had planned in her own mind of being the one who should perform this pleasing duty. Next morning M. Thiers called for his dressing-gown, and all three women chimed in, "It's quite ready." It was brought and tried on once more, but this time the President had not to complain of undue length, as it resembled a shooting-coat more than a dressing-gown in its shrunk proportions.

From the "*Saturday Night*," Richmond, Va.

"The Lady's Friend and The Saturday Evening Post, by Deacon and Peterson, are two publications which any publishers may be proud to send out among the people."

From the *Republican*, Wetumpka, Ala.

"The Saturday Evening Post, in all its attractiveness, and greatly enlarged, still leads the van among papers of its class. John Passmore's Plot; or, Held in the Hidden Room, a story of Philadelphia, began in a late number. Get it."

☞ The reign of the servant gals has commenced. A gentleman sent to the intelligence office to obtain a "young lady" to look on while his wife did the work. The fair creature who offered for the place, after asking some fifty questions about whether they had "tubs, etc," whether the "kitchen was down-stairs," &c., asked how many evenings she could have "out." "Well," said the gentleman, "I don't see how we can let you have more than seven." "How many children have you?" said the hand-maiden. "Only one boy, eight years old, but we will drown him if you think he'd be in the road."

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HELIOTROPE.

BY INA D. COOLBRITH.

Take those heliotropes away—
How I hate their purple bloom;
Fling the casement wide, I pray—
I am faint with their perfume.

Cruel odors, born of tears!
Would you know what they recall?—
From the springtime of my years
Comes a dream of eventide!

In a garden by the sea;
There's a new moon in the sky,
And the vine leaves airily
Rustle o'er me where I lie.

And a figure, fair and light,
O'er the greensward seems to float:
Little maiden robed in white,
With those blossoms at her throat.

All their fragrance mingling with
That soft muslin's every fold;
With the thrillings of her breath,
And her hair's warm, rippling gold.

Oh, how blindly love believes!
I, to set its silly part:
Stealing from her breast the leaves,
To be hidden next my heart.

To be worn with prayers and tears:
Giving strength to eager hands
Through the labor of long years
In the far and foreign lands.

Pah—their stifling, odorous weight!
Beaded knots of amethyst,
Spiced jewels that I hate
False as were the lips I kiss'd!

Friend—it aught remains untold,
By those blossoms let it said,
Take them: in their purple fold,
Youth and hope and love lie dead.

JOHN PASSMORE'S PLOT;

Or,

HELD IN THE HIDDEN ROOM.

A STORY OF PHILADELPHIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY FRANK CARROLL.

CHAPTER XIX.

PASSMORE'S WOOING.

The master of the Rookery sat in state in his private hall. In less romantic terms he sat in his shirt-sleeves, with a short well-blackened clay pipe in his mouth, in that second-story front apartment, in which we have already met him.

With his usual precaution, John Passmore had just entered, and was now closeted with his discreditable associate.

"Well," Corbin was saying, "what's up to-day? Any news afloat?"

"Yes, or I wouldn't be here. How does our bird bear her confinement?"

"Why, you see I don't go near her for fear of scaring her. She's one of the tender kind, that can't stand a rough phiz and a strong voice. So I've just dressed Patsy up a little decently, and put him in charge of the room."

"Can you trust him to keep our secret?"

"Do you think I'd let him know about that room, only I know he's close-mouthed as an oyster? No, sir; that's a big part of my stock in trade, and I couldn't afford to have it blowed."

"And how does she like to be kept in your fancy prison?"

"Why the boy says she's mighty quiet. Asks him a few questions—and he tells her a few lies; but she don't kick up any row; and as long as she keeps quiet, I s'pose it's all right."

"I don't know about that. I will see her for myself."

"I think you'd better. Chickens don't always like to be cooped in—and she'll mebbe get oneasy if you don't work on her. But that's not to the pint just now. How about that other little matter of business?"

"That's what I wish to see you about. The silks and other goods are all in store now; and I have had them arranged so they can be easily moved. Have you got your plans laid?"

"All ready and waitin'. It's a big haul, and there may be more trouble than we calkerlate. So I've got a man to take a hand in the business—that'll put it through, if there's any put through in it."

"An old hand at the bellows, eh?"

"There ain't a better. You know there's some risk, as it's got to be done so that it'll look like a straight job—and the police may be on the smell. No watchman around there?"

"No; not in that square?"

"That's hearty. Not that it makes much difference—for ginerally they're easily settled. But sometimes we come across an honest fool, and then it's a bother. I don't like to squeeze a man if I can help it."

"The place will be clear. You will need a carriage, so you will have to work early in the night so that it won't look suspicious. There is a small alley that runs up to the back of the store, as you know, and this you will have to make your line of operations. Leave a man outside with an eye open for policemen, and you can easily run the goods out of the alley and into the carriage."

"Don't want any instructions on that point. That's my look-out. What did you say was this Jew's number?"

"I have it here;" handing him a card.

"All correct. I'll step down and see him. I don't want any trouble at his end of the line."

"I have here a diagram of the store, showing the exact spot where these goods are placed. You can put your hands right on them, and clear out the lot in fifteen minutes, if you work hard."

"Trust us, I've cracked much worse cribs afore you took off your honest cap. I was in the business, man, when you were a baby, and I've never seen the inside of a jail yet, nor tried a lay that didn't pay."

"You tried one when you drove out Ben Willing, and let him off safe out of your hands. We've talked that over before, and it's bad to open old scores. But I don't like it."

"The feller that blowed that job is an infernal liar. I tell you I left my man as dead as a door-nail. When I see dead men walkin', I'll believe it, and not afore."

"You said you buried him—which you have acknowledged was a lie. That was done to get your pay. How many more lies did you tell for the same purpose?"

"Not one. The story I told was jest straight, and the man that says it ain't, I can bust his cocoanut. There weren't a drop of blood in his face, nor of breath in his body, nor of pulse in his heart, when I left him—and if that ain't being dead, I'd like to know what is."

"I have seen as bad cases recover. If dead, why wasn't he found there—and where is the man that buried him? I fear he is alive. For all we know, he is in Philadelphia at this moment. He may suspect something, and be in hiding, on the look-out."

"I don't believe it, and I won't believe it without seeing him. But I'll keep both eyes open sharp. What's more, I'm pretty well posted in the cribs of this here town, and I'll make a round. I'm paid for the job, and calkerlate to put it through. If I set eyes on him his meat's cooked, you can bet high on that."

"That is what you are bound to do. Graham's detective is on the sharp lookout for him. If he finds him I will soon learn it, and will put you on the track. This matter has gone too far now to turn back on it. If you had not lied to me I would not have touched the girl. So you have got to do your half-finished work over again."

"If I don't I'm a donkey. It's the first job yet that I didn't make sure of, and I was too sure then to make sartain. Only let me see him, that's all."

"Go to work then, at once, and get your spies out. Graham has photographs out among the police; I will send you some that you may hand them round to anybody you can trust."

"That's the ticket. He'll not hide long, except he's hurt and layin' off. If he's about on a game of watch, he's my man afore a week."

"Don't fail now. If you do, I will set you down as a bungler, and will trust any other jobs I may have to better hands."

"Oh, that he blowed! You know well enough that there ain't any better hands. I don't do much above board now, 'cause I can make my living honestly, by running the Rookery. But when I do take a job of work show me the man that can hold a candle to Joe Corbin."

"Prove it then. I must go up now and see my prisoner. Lay your plans, Joe, as you say, you are paid for this job, and paid well. If you don't finish it—"

"Well?"

"No matter. If he is not dead you can find him. If you find him—"

"He's a dead man sure. Salt won't save him."

The tone of desperate malignity in which these last words were spoken showed that the villain was thoroughly in earnest. The unreasonableness of his intended victim, in presuming to come to life after he had settled that he was dead, excited his ire, and he now felt a personal desire to murder him, which he had not felt on the former occasion.

The savage nature of the hardened burglar and murderer—for he had the blood of more than one man on his hands—was fully aroused, and he desperately determined that his escaped victim should die, if he had to swing for it himself. In all his former operations he had been shrewd enough to give his work the appearance of accident or disease. With his present feeling he cared not for the consequences. Murder he would do, safely, if possible, but at all events Benjamin Willing should die.

Passmore shuddered, hardened as he was, as he left the room, for he recognized the full meaning conveyed in the tones of his villainous associate in crime.

With great difficulty he forced his rising sense of fear and horror back into the hidden recesses of his mind, and smoothed his face to its usual smiling smoothness, as he touched the secret spring and saw the door fly open that led to the fairy-like apartment in which Alice Worthington was a willing prisoner.

She was seated at the table, her head on her hand, apparently lost in deep meditation, when the slight noise of his appearance aroused her. She looked listlessly around, expecting to see her small attendant, Patsy, whose was the only face she had seen for several days.

Recognizing Passmore she sprang to her feet with sudden animation, a smile of welcome lighting up her features as a sudden burst of sunlight kindles a floating cloud. She rushed forward with both hands extended to greet him.

"Welcome, you naughty cavalier!" she cried, shaking his hands with fervor. "What do you mean by leaving me alone so long in this gilded cage! I have looked at all its beauties till there is not a bit of beauty left. Calico hangings and rag carpet would be glorious to me now for a change. When am I going to get out of this? I am sick and tired and utterly weary of the whole concern, and would give anything for a day in the rudest hut, if the light of the sun and the smell of flowers could only get in."

He led her to the sofa, still holding her hands. Indeed she clung to him with a grasp as if she feared he might vanish if she let him go, and looked up into his eyes with a wistful glance that told more of her weariness than her words could express.

"It will not be long, I am sure, Alice," he said, "ere you can be released. You should go out with me this minute could it safely be done. But if you knew as I do how necessary to your safety is this voluntary imprisonment, you would be glad to have so secure a refuge from your foes."

"Perhaps so," she replied, wearily. "It is well it has the virtue of safety, for it has no other. And why do you leave my prison so utterly unenlivened? Why, at least, don't you come and see me, and talk to me, and try to keep me cheered up? Don't shut the door quite," she cried, as he walked across the room for that purpose. "It can do no harm to leave it a crack open for a few minutes, and there is a streak of sunlight on that floor that is like balm of Gilead to my sore eyes."

With a sudden spring she flew from the room, and stood with her face in the narrow streak of sunlight that shot in through the open door of the outer room.

"There, that is perfectly delightful," she cried, rubbing her face as with invisible water. "Is there anything sweeter than a sun bath after my month, or whatever time it has been, of lamp-light?"

The bright rays lit up her animated face into a wonderful beauty, heightened by an ivory-like pallor caused by her imprisonment. It was evident though, to his eyes, despite his epicurean delight in her beauty, that she had suffered from her immurement, and that her present liveliness was but the effect of a revulsion of feeling.

"There, Alice, you would do to sit for the Angel of the Transfiguration. The sunlight without and the sunlight within have met on your face, and if you knew how beautiful you are at this moment—"

"Hush, I won't have your compliments," she cried. "Nothing so hollow as a compliment will serve my soul now," she continued more sadly as she yielded her hand to his and followed him back to the secret chamber.

"I am sorry to take you out of the sun," he said, "both for my sake and for your own." He closed the door gently behind them. "But it is not safe for you there, and your safety is with me the first consideration."

"And why have you not been to see me?"

"Because I dared not. You do not know the acuteness and persistency of these enemies of yours. I have reason to fear that they suspect this house, and have set a watch upon it. I am sure they watch my movements. I have therefore been obliged to be very circumspect. I come in the day time on this visit simply because I know that such characters expect that all men, like themselves, move in the dark if they have secrets to conceal. You cannot imagine what pains I took to throw them off their guard before coming here."

"I cannot believe that I am of such importance that any man would take such pains to discover me."

"You do not know your importance. I cannot say that I am aware of their full object. They certainly know that there is money coming to you, which they may think by forcing you into a marriage with the leader of their operations may become theirs."

"But I have no money, and cannot put faith in what you told me concerning an unknown inheritance."

"I cannot explain it more clearly. It is certain to my mind, however, that a properly conducted lawsuit would recover for you all the great wealth of Mr. Willing, your uncle."

"An uncle I never saw nor knew any thing of, and whose money I do not crave."

"But some party craves it, and hopes, by forcing you into a marriage with him, to get the right to institute legal processes to obtain it."

"I would never consent to it."

"They would act without your consent, and bring you into it despite yourself. This, however, is but one hypothesis. There may be a darker object behind. Your uncle may fear some such process, and may be at the bottom of this abduction, for who knows what purpose? Secret murder, for all we know to the contrary."

"Oh, say no more! no more! You horrify me beyond measure. Alas! that I ever left my country home. Why can I not go back there?" she exclaimed, springing up with the animation of a new idea. "They surely would not seek for me among the wilds of the Green Mountains. In my Vermont fastness I might be safe from all their efforts."

"You would be less safe there than in any other conceivable place. Your uncle, if it is he, has no doubt had spies there already, and will continue to watch it. People who once start criminal enterprises like this do not go back on their work. What place more favorable than a wild country scene for such projects to be safely accomplished! No, Alice, you must stay here for the present."

"I fear so, indeed," she replied sadly, her head wearily drooping as she spoke. "Alas! what must the solitary tenants of dungeons experience?"

"But you must not think of comparing this rich and cheery little room with a dungeon. You have your books. Can you find no enjoyment in them? If not I will procure you any others which you may name."

"It would be useless," she replied, "I have no heart for books. You forget the news which you told me when last here. Do you think I could lose such a sorrow in the empty pleasure of books? Ah! if you had known what a sting you were forcing into my heart I know you would not have spoken those deadly words. I have suffered here, alone and in silence, worse torments than I thought the human mind could endure."

"Poor child!" he said tenderly, his arm stealing round her waist as she bent toward him in the abandonment of her grief, her eyes turned up to his wet with unshed tears. "It hurt me to tell more than it did you to hear. Would that I could have kept it secret! But that was impossible. It had to be told first or last, and better from the lips of one who who loved you, and could tenderly break the point of the dart, than to be stricken casually and suddenly with such a poisoned arrow."

"I could have borne it ten times better if out in the free air, and in the distraction of out-door life. You did not know how cruelly you were acting to wound me so and leave the dart to fester in the wound in the silence and gloom of these days of confinement."

"You are right, I was unwittingly cruel. Why did not I think of that? I spoke too impulsively. I allowed indignation to carry me too far for judgment."

"I can understand, and forgive you," she replied, "though I have severely blamed you. I loved that man more than I loved my life, and his heartless desertion is the keenest sting that time could have for me, though it has sought out its most cruel tortures."

"Yes, yes. Alas! that I did not curb my hasty tongue."

"I do not blame you. You did right. What have you heard further about it? Is he really to be married, and soon?"

"Next month, I am told."

"Next month! Oh, heartless and cold! But I will cease to think of him. I will tear his false image from my heart. Ah, that I had my will of the minx that has captivated him!" and the "woman scorned" looked desperately wicked for a passing moment.

"Do not suppose that he has utterly forgotten you. He has a conscience, and must feel its reproaches at times, however he may have hardened himself against it. I could not act as he has done, and fail to be miserable."

"He deserves it," she bitterly replied.

"He deserves more. He deserves to be made to see that he cannot wound you as has doubtless been one of his aims."

"Why, what enmity could he have to me?"

"The enmity which all such persons feel for those they have wronged."

"And how shall I bide from him the fact of my being hurt by his desertion?"

"By showing him that you can forget as well as he, and that you can be happy without him."

She turned an inquiring look upon his face, not comprehending for the moment to what he alluded.

"I have already told you, dear Alice, that I loved you," he continued. "Can I strengthen it by declaring that you are to me the dearest object upon earth, and that the highest happiness I covet in earth or Heaven is that of calling you my own. Oh! turn not away that sweet face! Without you I will pass a miserable existence. Can you then turn from me when by a word you can render me the happiest being in existence?"

"I admire you, am grateful to you," she murmured. "But I do not love you, and cannot place my hand where my heart is not."

"You do not know yourself, dearest," he replied, in low tones into which he had infused a wonderful tenderness. "You have so yielded to your fascination for this false-hearted man, and to your grief for his desertion, that you are ignorant of your own heart."

"It may be. It may be," she sadly replied, tears starting to her eyes.

"Consider what I offer you," he repeated, drawing her to him without resistance, and imagining success from what proceeded from inertness and preoccupation on her part. "Is not the love of a true heart better than to live mourning the scorn of a false reprobate? I give you my best gift. He robs you of your happiness. Come to me then, darling, and despise him who has so basely injured you."

She remained a moment quiescent, not answering his remark, and consenting to or ignorant of the fact that he had clasped his arms around her, and held her in a close embrace.

"Then I am to let jealousy and revenge urge me to that which only love should counsel," she said, as if speaking to herself, and heedless of his presence.

"If they counsel you to accept the happiness that lies in your grasp why not obey them?" he said. "Love will come. Love has come now, but that you do not recognize his features. Make us both happy for life, dear Alice, with a word of acceptance of my suit."

She turned her face toward him, so lost in her own thoughts as to hardly know what he had said, and hardly aware that his arms were around her waist, and his face so close to hers, that but an instinct of the virtue of self-denial hindered him from pressing their lips together in a kiss.

Suddenly she roused to a full realization of these facts, her startled eyes seemed to see for the moment in his face the cruel expectation of the tiger gloating over its victim, and with a crimson flush of shame and dread she tore herself from his grasp, leaving him in speechless amazement and anger.

"What proof have I of all this?" she rapidly exclaimed, rising to her feet, with an expression of intense excitement. "Nothing but your bare word, and you have proved yourself an interested party, working on my feelings with a story so shameful that I refuse to receive it without positive evidence. I have almost been forced to hate Harry Graham, and he may yet be innocent."

Her excited words had strengthened the doubt with which she rose, till it was nearly a belief. With the inspired rage of a Pythoness she hovered over him, looking down as if daring him to produce the proof demanded.

A smile, in which were mingled anger and derision, for a moment curled his lip.

"You demand proof," he said, triumphantly. "I have it here. Sit down, Alice. I have not deceived you in a word. Read this," he continued, producing a scrap of printed paper from his pocket-book, which he handed her as she sank silently upon the sofa, her heart throbbing with apprehension at the confidence of his manner.

It was but a scrap torn from some newspaper, and containing, among bits of other news-items, the following:

"It is well understood here, in fashionable circles, that a marriage in high-life is on the *tapis*, Miss Maria Travis, the lovely daughter of our wealthy fellow-citizen, Joseph Travis, Esq., being shortly to be united in the bonds of matrimony to Mr. Harry Graham, of Philadelphia, a gentleman of whom—"

The remainder of this bit of fashionable gossip was torn out. She dropped the scrap from her fingers and shrank back in dismay.

"It is too true," she murmured.

Passmore, who had, at considerable pains, prepared this bit of intelligence, and had it printed by a printer who cared more for the money than the object, was overjoyed at the success of his stratagem, and prepared to carry forward his success.

"True! there is nothing truer," he said, repossessing himself of her hand, which she passively yielded to him. "Consider then, Alice, you are scorned and outraged by the man on whom you have wasted your affections. I am ready to stand between you and all the ills of life, to soothe your wounded spirit, to give you in its fulness the affection which your nature craves. You are mine now in soul; say that you will be so body and soul."

She drew her hand from his and hid her stooping face, convulsed with emotion, which he, nor she herself, could understand.

"Speak, Alice, dear!" he persisted, gently drawing away her hands, and revealing her face, whose quivering lips and swimming eyes, showed how deeply her nature had been stirred by this burst of emotion.

"I do not love you, as I understand love," she replied, turning to him. "I fear I never can give you the true love of my heart. But if—"

"If! Oh, proceed! My soul burns to hear the meaning of that sweet if," he cried, as she hesitated and became silent.

She continued looking silently in his face, with an inscrutable look, but one which seemed to him to reach the utmost depths of his soul.

He turned away, slightly disconcerted, then again besought her to speak.

Her lips opened as if she were about to reply. At that moment her fate hung trembling in the balance. Passmore waited with triumphant confidence for the words, which he felt sure were an acceptance of his suit.

But, whatever they were, fate had decided that they should not be spoken. Ere an accent of speech escaped her lips the door of the room flew suddenly open, and on the threshold stood the small figure of Patsy, bearing a huge waiter, on which was displayed a plentiful repast.

He paused a moment on seeing the tableau before him, almost dropping the waiter in his dismay. The boy presented a different appearance from any we have yet seen him in, being dressed in a well-fitting suit of Summer cloth, shoes on his feet, his hair combed and his face washed; a condition so unnatural to him that his whole expression of face seemed to be a silent protest against investing him with these useless excrescences of civilization.

But the small twinkling eye, the retroussé nose, and the comical mouth remained, in evidence that this was but an outer adornment, that the soul within remained unchanged.

"Yer dinner, Miss Alice," he said, apologetically, setting his waiter on a chair, while he commenced to clear off the table to receive the dishes.

"Leave it there, Patsy. You needn't wait," said Passmore, angry at the interruption.

"No," cried Alice, springing up to assist him, and perhaps glad of the diversion. "Set the table, my boy, and return in half an hour for the dishes."

"Just as you say, Miss," said Patsy, proceeding to obey her, with a deliberation that set Passmore fuming with scarcely contained anger.

"No, this dish here," said Alice, changing the arrangement. "Your taste wants cultivating, my boy. Do you see that now, is not that a pretty table?" and her fingers went deftly among the dishes, while the lad looked on in silent admiration.

"Yer jest as smart as yer pretty, Miss Alice, I'll say that for you," said Patsy, as he picked up his waiter and walked backward out of the door, his twinkling eyes divided in interest between the lady and the table.

"There, what do you think of that as a compliment. Sit up and help me with my dinner," she said gayly as the boy shut the door.

"Not till you have spoken and sealed my fate," he replied, rising and standing before her.

"Oh, you must not force me to a hasty reply," she said, with forced lightness. "It is too important a subject. I must have time to consider it."

He pressed her warmly for an immediate answer, but she grew more determined with every word, and kindly but decidedly refused to answer without, at least, a day or two of consideration.

"Who can talk of love with bread and butter, broiled steak, and roast potatoes, staring her in the face?" she said, with a gayety of manner which showed him that further importunity was useless.

"Remember one thing," he remarked as he obeyed her repeated invitation, and drew his chair to the table. "Not only your happiness, but your safety depends on your acceptance of my suit. It is only as a single woman that you are of any importance to these persons who are in pursuit of you. Once married their persecution would cease, as they could no further make use of you."

She looked up thoughtfully at this new phase of the affair. "I have no further answer now," was all she said.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Here we have a good example of French wit; "A doctor, like everybody else at this season, went out for a day's sport, and complained of having killed nothing. 'That's the consequence of having neglected your business,' observed his wife." So writes a correspondent.

Helena Macdonald;

OR,

THE BRIDE'S SACRIFICE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

In the little forest cot, the evening preceding that night of storm, Jessie stood in the humble doorway, watching the sun go down.

Those weary months have sadly changed our little favorite. The thin, wan face has grown thinner and wanner than ever; the angel brow paler and more transparent; the dark, loving blue eyes darker, larger, and wearing ever a look of deep, gentle, unchanging melancholy; the fair, golden hair falls like threads of ravelled silk around her pearly cheek; the light step is slow and languid; and the hectic crimson spot that each afternoon burns on those usually colorless cheeks, bespeaks the ravages of that fell destroyer—consumption.

Slowly but surely she is passing away, bending her meek head to the stroke of the destroyer, and only sighing for the time when her weary head may find rest at last in some little woodland grave. Little Jessie will never live to see the midsummer rose blow.

With a quiet, fervent joy she thinks of this as she stands in the doorway, the last fiery ray of the red sunlight falling, like a shadow of the glory that awaits her, on her bent head. With those dark, radiant, starry eyes fixed on the fast-coming clouds, her mind strays back to that night of deepest woe—that last night spent in her island home. The coming of every storm recalls it, but never so vividly as it does to-night.

All the old tide of her deep, unchanging love of Herbert, for her destroyer—so strong and fervent, that time, absence, and the belief in his guilt has no power to change it—swells back to her heart, crowned with blissful memories of the time when she first knew and loved him, until an almost passionate longing to be with him once more, to throw her arms around his neck, to seal her forgiveness on his lips, to feel his heart swelling and throbbing against her own once more, to gaze into those dark eyes again, and heave her last expiring sigh on that loved breast, took possession of her.

Then came the bitter recollection that long ere this another must be his bride, and she could never feel the strong, fervent clasp of those dear arms again; and with a grief that death alone could ever still, she hid her face in her hands to keep back her fast falling tears, while her white bosom rose and fell with convulsive sobs.

A slow, heavy step, crashing over dried branches around her, and she looked up, to behold the kind, honest face of Uncle Luke.

"Ah, thee is grieving again. This will never do, little Jessie," he said, sorrowfully.

"Oh I cannot help it! It all comes back so strangely to-night!" said Jessie, in a voice full of unshed tears.

"What does, little one?"

"Oh, the past, the past! The sad, beautiful past."

"Thee must forget the past, daughter, and live in the present, and for the future," said Uncle Luke, laying his hand on her head. "Thee knows what the good book says: 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.'"

"Yes, yes—I know; that promise has often sustained me in my darkest hours. Dear Uncle Luke, I know I am wicked to murmur, but bear with me a little while until I go where that promise will be fulfilled."

"Oh, thee is sad to-night, Jessie," said Uncle Luke, forcing a smile, and bustling about with such vigor that it brought tears to her eyes; "thee must be cheerful, thee knows. Where is Edith?"

"She went out more than an hour ago," replied Jessie, "to ramble in the woods, according to her usual habit. I hope she will return before the storm rises."

"The storm will be on us in half an hour," said Uncle Luke, looking uneasily at the darkened sky; "and as thee knows, a storm always rouses Edith into a state of wildness bordering on frenzy, and sends her rambling off in all directions. I had better go and look for her."

"Where is the use, Uncle Luke?" said Jessie, seating herself languidly in her easy chair. "You often went in search of her before, and hardly ever found her until she chose to come home herself, you know."

"Yes; but one does not feel so uneasy when searching for her, as sitting here in the house while she is exposed to the storm. However, I'll wait and get the supper, and if she is not here then, I will go and look for her," said Uncle Luke, as he proceeded to light the fire, and hang on the kettle.

The night deepened and darkened, the sky grew blacker and gloomier, the moments waned rapidly, but the maniac Edith came not.

"Oh, I wish she were here!" anxiously said good Uncle Luke, opening the door, and looking out into the gloom.

A wailing gust of wind from the dark forest, followed by a vivid flash of lightning and flood of rain, made him hastily re-enter and close the door.

"And she is exposed to it all!" he exclaimed, in deepest trouble.

"Oh, she will soon come, I know she will," said Jessie, hopefully.

But still the moments rapidly waned, the lonesome night lingered and lingered, and the maniac came not.

"I must go and seek for her," said Uncle Luke, at last, in desperation, as he took down his great-coat, and buttoned it on, and started for the door.

But just at that instant it was burst violently open, and the woman Edith, with streaming hair and dripping garments, her wild, black eyes dilating with terror, her garments dripping with rain, stood panting before them.

"Oh, Edith, where has thee been?" cried Uncle Luke, in distress and alarm.

"Hush! he is there!" said the maniac, in a terrified whisper. "They killed him, and left him in the forest; but I found him: Come, come, come!"

She caught Luke by the hand, and attempted to draw him with her from the house.

"Who is killed? I don't know what thee means, Edith," he said, perplexed.

"Come, I tell you—he is there!" she cried, with an impatient stamp of her foot, "out among the trees where they left him. Come!"

And with a grasp of steel she caught the surprised Luke by the arm, and forcibly drew him with her from the house.

Left alone, Jessie, somewhat amazed at first, soon forgot the circumstance, and gazing into the expiring coals, listened to the wild ravings of the storm, as it raged through the forest, with that lulling sense of security one falls into when comfortably housed. There were strange pictures in the red, dying embers to her that night—faces lost to her forever peering out in fitful flame—now Herbert's, now the dark, threatening one of handsome Helena Macdonald, now the brisk, sharp, cheery countenance of Mrs. Ben, all fading, one after another, to give place once more to Clinton's, best loved of all.

The night was wearing on apace—the last and, rousing herself from her dreamy revery, glowing ember had faded away in darkness; as an unusually violent gust of wind shook the doors and windows, Jessie raised her head, wondering uneasily what could have detained Uncle Luke.

Just as she was beginning to get seriously anxious, the door was impetuously thrown open, and Edith entered, followed by Uncle Luke, bearing in his herculean arms the seemingly lifeless form of a man. Jessie sprang up, and stood gazing from one to another in terror.

"There!" said Uncle Luke, placing the rigid form on the bed in the corner, and wiping the perspiration off his brow, "I had some trouble, strong as I am, in carrying him so far through all this storm. She led me to the very spot," he said, with a sort of triumph, as he looked at Edith; "and I found him lying bleeding and senseless on the ground."

"Who is he?" said Jessie, for with the dark hair over them clotted with blood, the features were undistinguishable.

"That I do not know, but some traveller, I imagine, who has been thrown from his horse, judging from the look of his wounds. Get me some warm water and a sponge until I wash the blood off his face."

As Jessie obeyed, something in the wounded stranger struck her, and with a sudden thrill she leaned against the wall, and pressed her hands to her panting heart. Not perceiving her emotion, the man Luke reverently lifted the dark, heavy masses of hair, and wiped the blood off his pale, handsome face.

As if fascinated, Jessie's eyes were fixed on those cold, rigid features, every one of which was indelibly imprinted on her heart, her eyes dilating, her lips parted and breathless, her face deadly pale, her heart beating as tumultuously as though it would break from its prison, and force its way to him.

With a cry that resounded through the house—a cry that made even the maniac Edith start in affright—she sprang forward, and clasped the cold form in her arms with the wild and passionate shriek of—

"Herbert! Herbert! Oh, Father in Heaven! Herbert!"

Transfixed with amazement, Luke stood gazing upon her, unable to speak, while with a hysterical laugh she covered the cold, marble-like face with hot, burning, passionate kisses, still crying out at intervals that loved name.

"Herbert! Herbert! Herbert!"

"So thee knows him, Jessie?" said Uncle Luke, at last, in a voice of intense astonishment.

She looked up, with another hysterical laugh, and then overtaxed nature gave way to a burst of blessed, soothing tears.

"Well, I am surprised!" slowly said Uncle Luke.

"Oh, Uncle Luke, he is my husband," said Jessie, in a voice choked with vehement sobs.

"Thy husband!" said Uncle Luke, in a tone that plainly bespoke his fears that Jessie had lost her reason.

"Oh! yes! yes! my husband! my long-lost husband, whom I never expected to meet again on this side of the grave. Oh, Uncle Luke, you did not know I was married, but so it is! I never meant to tell you, but the surprise, the shock, forced it from me. Oh, Uncle Luke, do not look as if you thought me insane; for indeed, indeed, I speak the truth!"

And again Jessie's voice was choked with sobs, as she bowed her head on the cold breast before her, and thought how warmly and tumultuously it had once throbbed for her.

Uncle Luke was not one long to give way to any emotion; so, with a look of intense surprise and perplexity, he recalled his scattered faculties, and once more approaching the bed, said, slowly—

"Well, if he is thy husband, thee is anxious, no doubt, for his recovery, and had better go away for the present, and let me attend to him, and bring him to."

"Oh, Uncle Luke, do you think he is dead?" said Jessie, in a tone of piercing anguish.

"By no means, little one, he is only in a swoon at present, from which he will shortly recover. And there are no bones broken, either," added Uncle Luke, after a short examination, "only this ugly cut in his head, which has bled so profusely, and which I must bind up now. We'll have to cut the hair off just round the temple, you see, to get at it. It's Heaven's mercy it wasn't half an inch lower, or he would have been a dead man now."

A convulsive shudder at the bare idea agitated the slender form of Jessie; and she lifted the silky waves of dark hair with a fond superstition as they were severed, all matted with blood, from his head.

And thus, while Uncle Luke sat down to bathe his temple and forehead with water, she took the cold hands in her own burning ones to chafe them; with her eyes still fixed as if she could never remove them more, on that cold, white, handsome face, as still and fixed as though immovable in death, looking whiter still in contrast with the wet, black hair.

"And so thee is a wife, little Jessie," said Uncle Luke, looking thoughtfully and wonderingly upon the two faces before him.

"Oh! yes, yes! forgive me for not telling you before—but it was a secret. No one knew of it; we were married in private."

"Ah! those hidden marriages never come to any good," said Uncle Luke, as he shook his head and glanced at Edith, who all this time had been standing at the foot of the bed, gazing with a sort of vague interest and curiosity from one face to the other. "What if her fate had been thine?"

"It has scarcely been more happy," said Jessie, without lifting her eyes; "but this moment, to see him once more, to touch his hand, to know I am near him again, almost repays him for all I have suffered. Now, at least, I can die happy, since I have the opportunity of telling him I forgive him all."

"Forgive him! Then he has wronged thee."

"Hush!" said Jessie, turning, if possible, paler than before; "he loved me once, and I wish to forget everything but that. But, Uncle Luke, are you sure he will recover? I see no signs of it yet," said Jessie, in rising alarm.

"I do; even now consciousness is returning," said Uncle Luke, as a slight movement of the muscles of the face became perceptible.

"Herbert! Herbert! dearest Herbert, look up!" she said, bending anxiously over him.

Was it the startling sound of that well-remembered voice—that voice he imagined forever stilled in death—that awoke him? The large dark eyes slowly opened, wandered wildly around, and the first object on which they rested was Jessie!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"Herbert! Herbert! Herbert!"

With his own name breathed in his ears by the voice he never expected to hear again; with the small, fair face, the deep blue eyes, and waving golden hair of Jessie bending over him, Herbert Clinton lay scarcely daring to breathe, unable to speak, gazing with wild, wondering, incredulous eyes upon the angel-face he had never expected to behold on earth more.

"Herbert! Herbert! My own Herbert! Only say you know me! only speak to me once more before I die!" was the wild cry that sighed in his ear in the tones of that never-to-be-forgotten voice.

He pressed his hands to his forehead, like one in a dream.

"Am I mad?" he said, slowly; "or am I dead, and see Jessie again in the world of spirits?"

"Herbert! Herbert! we both live! Oh, Herbert, thank Heaven, you were spared the guilt of my death! Oh, Herbert! I am not dead; do not, do not look at me so wildly!"

"Can this be only the delirium of a dream! he said, passing his hand over his

brow, in the same troubled and bewildered way.

No, it was not a dream. No phantom of imagination ever could have clasped him with such yearning, clinging arms; ever could have held his head on such a warm, throbbing breast; ever could have looked into his face with such passionate, undying love; ever could have showered upon him such passionate caresses.

He awoke to the reality at last. Springing up in the bed where he lay, he gazed upon her as if doubting the evidence of his senses.

"Oh, Herbert! Oh, my husband! I am not dead; I was only wounded! I live still to say I forgive you all that is past."

"Great Heaven! am I sane or mad?" he said, in a low, deep, wandering voice.

She approached, caught both his hands in hers, and kneeling down before him, said—

"Herbert, look at me! Feel my hands, my face! Listen to my words! See me kneeling before you, and believe I am your own, faithful, loving Jessie still!"

"Then she may be saved yet!" was his wild cry, as, unheeding the slender girl kneeling at his feet, he sprang from the bed, with the one thought of Helena ever, ever uppermost in his mind.

"Why, Herbert?"

"Helena! Helena! my wronged Helena!"

At the words, at the name, her blissful dream faded away. The past, the dreary, wretched past came back, and Jessie's head dropped heavily on the bed.

He was scarcely in his right senses yet—but the action, and, above all, the necessity of haste restored him to himself; and stunned, bewildered, giddy with many emotions, he sank into a chair, and strove to collect his thoughts.

"I know not yet, whether I am sleeping or waking," he said, incoherently. "Jessie, where are you? Come here; let me see you again, that I may know whether all this is not a vision of a disordered brain, that will fade away as many a similar one has done."

She arose, and with a face as perfectly colorless as a snow-wreath, stood before him.

He took her hand, so small and wan, and transparent that it looked like an infant's; and pushing back the full, golden hair of the fine white brow, gazed long and earnestly into the depths of the large blue eyes so unspeakably sad, so deeply reproachful now. So long did he gaze that Jessie's eyes fell at last, and the golden lashes swept her cheek, while the "eloquent blood" mantled for a moment to her snowy brow.

"Yes, this is Jessie; alive still, and yet so long mourned for as dead!" he said, slowly. "This is strange; this is wonderful! Jessie, how comes this to pass? How is it that after so many months given up for dead, I find you alive still in this hut?"

"Oh, Herbert! Herbert! can you ask after that dreadful night?" she said, in a tone of unutterable sorrow and reproach.

"That dreadful night? What dreadful night, Jessie?" he said, looking bewildered.

"Oh, Herbert, what a question for you to ask! That you could ever for one instant forget that night of storm and crime."

"Jessie, as Heaven hears me, I know not what you mean! Do you allude to that tempestuous night on which you were supposed to be murdered?"

"Oh, you know I do! You know I do! Oh, Herbert! Herbert! that you should speak of it like this!" she said, in that low tone of saddest reproach.

"Jessie, there is some misunderstanding here. Do you mean to say that I was with you that night?" he said, vehemently.

She did not reply, but her eyes answered the question.

"Jessie! as there is a Heaven above us, I never set foot in the island from the day we parted there after you telling me of your interview with Helena!" said Herbert, impetuously.

"And the note?" she said, faintly.

"Do you mean the note appointing our meeting on the beach, that night of mystery?" he asked.

"Oh, yes! yes!"

"Jessie! I sent that note, but I never went—never! I swear it by all that is sacred in Heaven! That very hour I received news that my father was dying, which obliged me to start instantly for home, without even an opportunity of apprising you, Jessie; that night I spent fifty miles away from the island."

She gasped for breath, grew deadly pale, and sank into a chair.

"Jessie! Jessie! do you not believe me?"

She lifted her eyes. There was truth in his face, and with the wild flash of sudden joy she cried out—

"I do! I do! I do! Oh, Herbert, thank Heaven for this. Thank Heaven that you never raised your hand against my life."

"Jessie!"

"Oh! I do not wonder at your look of horror; but all those weary months I thought so. Oh, Herbert, dearest! can you ever forgive me for wronging you so?"

"Jessie!"

"Forgive me! forgive me! Oh, my husband, forgive me! But, on that night, that awful night, I was met on the beach and stabbed by a man."

"Heavens and earth! and you thought it was me?"

"Herbert! Herbert! forgive me! But, oh, what else could I think? You appointed the meeting. I went, was met there by a tall man, stabbed by him, and left for dead on the shore."

"And you could believe I could do such a deed. Oh, Jessie! Jessie!" he said, with bitter reproach.

"Oh, how could I help it? How could I help it? The thought was maddening; but how could I think otherwise? Say, only say, you forgive me, Herbert?"

"I forgive you, Jessie; but you have far the most to forgive. What a strange, fathomless mystery all this is. Who was this man, Jessie?"

"I do not know; I have no idea. Oh, I thought I had not an enemy in the wide world."

"Is there no clue? Is there no means by which you could recognize him again?"

"None—none! You forget the storm—the darkness—the deep darkness—of that night."

"True! But, Heavens! what am I thinking of?" he said, starting up wildly. "Why do I linger an instant here, when it is in my power to save Helena from the ignominious death of the halter."

"What?"

As if a mine had exploded beneath her, Jessie sprang up, with blanched face, starting eyes, clenched hands and livid lips, gazing upon him in a speechless horror.

"Jessie, she was arrested, tried, condemned, and doomed to die, for your murder."

"For mine! Father in Heaven!" gasped the almost fainting Jessie.

"It may not be too late to save her yet. You must come with me, Jessie. Hasten! hasten! Every moment is precious now."

"Oh, this is awful! awful! Oh, Herbert, when does this most unnatural sentence take place?"

"The day after to-morrow. With all our speed, we shall be barely able to reach the spot in time."

"Most horrible!" said Jessie, with a convulsive shudder. "How came she ever to be suspected of such a deed?"

"Oh, there was a damning chain of circumstantial evidence strong enough to convict an angel from above. I have no time to tell you now. On our way I will tell you all. Merciful Heaven! if we should be too late!"

"I will go instantly! I will be ready in a moment," said Jessie, wildly, as she hurriedly threw on her wrappings.

"But not in this storm, Jessie. Does thee not hear how it rages?" anxiously said Uncle Luke, who all this time had been a silent, wondering listener. "Thee must not venture out to-night."

"Oh, I must—I must! The life of a fellow creature depends upon it," said Jessie, tying on her large mantle with trembling haste.

Herbert Clinton paused for a moment in dismay, to listen to the storm howling through the trees, and glance at the frail, fragile little figure before him. But the thought of Helena in peril—of that dreadful death—steeled his heart against every other feeling.

"She must be saved, let what will follow," he mentally exclaimed.

"Thee will never be able to make thy way through this storm, Jessie," said Luke, rising, in still increasing anxiety; "in thy delicate state of health, too. Listen to the wind and rain."

"Oh, I hear it!—I hear it! But though it rained fire from Heaven, I should have to go."

"Thee will never survive this night, if thee ventures out," said Uncle Luke, solemnly.

"What matters it? My life is worthless, so here is saved," she said, with sorrowful bitterness.

Herbert Clinton's heart smote him, and some of the old love revived in his heart that moment for poor Jessie.

"Jessie, you will perish with fatigue."

"Oh, no, I'll not. This inward strength will sustain me. I will live—I must live—I shall live—to save Helena Macdonald! I feel it. An inward voice tells me so."

"Then thee is determined to go?" said Uncle Luke, sorrowfully.

"I must! Duty calls me, dear Uncle Luke. Good-bye."

"Will thee ever come back, little Jessie?" he said, holding the little hand she extended in both his.

"As Heaven wills. I fear not. But, Uncle Luke, dear, good Uncle Luke, if I do not, you will come to see me die.

"Oh, dearest Jessie—"

His honest voice choked, and he stopped.

"Good-bye, Edith. Kiss Jessie once more."

She put her arms around the neck of the maniac, whose eyes were fixed wistfully on her face.

"Going away?" she said, in a tone of vague surprise.

"Yes, dearest friend. And if I never come back, you must not quite forget me."

"Jessie, Jessie—my wife—my injured, long-suffering wife—do not talk so! I cannot bear it," said Herbert Clinton, passionately, for every word of that sorrowful parting had been like a dagger to his heart.

She came over with the old trusting love of happier times, when that love first filled her heart, and clasping her hands on his shoulder, she dropped her face on them, and softly murmured—

"Dearest Herbert, it is better so. I am not afraid to die now, after what I have heard to-night. And do not be hurt, dearest love, but I have no wish to live. You will be happy with her—with Helena; and I—I will pray for you both, and love you both in Heaven!"

"Oh, Jessie! Oh, my wife!" he cried, clasping her in his arms, with a passionate cry, "am I only to realize the treasure I have lost when it is too late?"

"Not too late, Herbert. If it will help to make you a better, a holier man, it is not too late. There are many happy days for you, for Helena, for me, yet to come."

"Wretch—wretch that I have been!" he groaned, in bitter grief. "Why was I doomed to bring misery and death on all who ever loved me?"

"Oh, Herbert, hush! You break my heart!" said Jessie, lifting her golden head off his breast. "You must not talk in that wild way. And we are losing time staying here, when every second is more precious than untold gold," she added, starting up. "Come, Herbert, come."

While she spoke, Uncle Luke, who had passed out unobserved, re-entered.

"Good-bye once more, Uncle Luke," said Jessie; "we are going."

"Not good-bye yet, little Jessie. I will go with you to Glenleith."

"But, Uncle Luke, there is no necessity. I know the way."

"And did thee think, little one, I was going to let thee walk that distance in this pelting storm?" said Uncle Reuben, with a sad, grave smile. "No; it is not quite so bad as that. Thee will ride in the donkey-cart until we reach Glenleith."

"Then you have such a conveyance?" said Herbert, eagerly. "Thank Heaven for that. In it you will at least be saved the fatigue of walking, Jessie."

"But how can you leave Edith, Uncle Luke?"

"I will lock the door, and Edith will go to bed. Will thee not, Edith?"

The maniac nodded, and still wistfully watched Jessie, as though some faint impression that she was going to lose her was forcing its way through her clouded brain.

For the first time, Herbert turned his eyes upon her, and gave a violent start, as he recognized the well-known spectral face.

"Who is she?" he asked, in breathless surprise.

In a few brief words, Jessie gave him to understand how it had happened he had seen her on the isle.

And then, drawing her arm within his, Herbert led her from the house, followed by Uncle Luke.

Jessie took her place in the humble little donkey-cart, and cowered down to avoid the pelting rain.

"Thee had better get in, too, being wounded and weak from the loss of blood, thee knows," said Uncle Luke, to Herbert. "I will walk, and drive."

"Not at all. Do you imagine I would ride whilst you walked? I am not weak; I feel the strength of ten men within me, urging me on."

"That is only excitement, friend; it will not last. Thee had better get in."

But Herbert peremptorily refused, and took his place on the other side of the little cart.

Seeing it was in vain to urge him, the old man allowed the animal to start. And Jessie raised for a moment her bowed head to cast one last, sorrowful glance at the little isolated cot she was never destined to see again. They turned an abrupt angle, the night and darkness shut it from her view, and with a long, shivering sigh, she bent her head once more on her pale hands.

That night-ride through the forest—with the wind wailing eerily in long, lamentable blasts, through the waving arms of the trees, with the rain driving in blinding gusts in their faces, with the pall of almost Egyptian darkness around above, and on every hand—that night-ride, sleeping or waking, in after days, alone or in the gayest assembly, it would rise like a haunting vision before the eyes of Herbert Clinton; and the little, bowed, shadowy figure crouching silently in a corner of the cart would awaken in his heart feelings of undying remorse. That night-ride through the long, lonesome woods! All the great wrong he had done that little bowed form, from whose gentle lips no word of reproach ever fell, from whose loving eyes no accusing glance ever flashed, arose in bitter array before him, until he felt as if he could never encounter the gaze of those earnest, soul-lit orbs again—felt, as he walked beside her, as much out of his sphere as a lost soul might feel before the gates of Heaven.

Then, by a natural transition, his thoughts went straying out to the future—to Helena. She was lost to him now, as much as though she were dead and in her grave. There was a sharp, keen pang piercing through his heart for one moment, at the thought; the next, a more generous feeling filled it, and he felt as if he could even joyfully give her up to save her from that awful doom. Once Helena was saved, his determination was to depart with his little drooping girl-wife to some far-off Southern clime—to some sunny village in France or Italy, where the more genial climate would restore her to health, and where the wretched past would be forever unknown. There he would endeavor to atone, by his devoted care and attention, for all he had ever made her suffer, and forget Helena. But that name, as usual, woke a host of tender, sorrowful memories, and something akin to despair again replaced every other feeling in his tortured mind. Truly, in the keen suffering of that moment, he realized what Divine retribution is.

And so on—still on, through the chill, bleak night, the driving, plashing rain, the sighing, moaning wind, the dark, desolate forest-road, our weary, silent trio wound their lonely way. Not a word was spoken from the moment of starting. Jessie, bowed, collapsed, shuddering, cowered in the bottom of the rude cart; her white, thin, face hidden in her whiter, thinner hands. Uncle Luke, urging on the stumbling donkey to his utmost speed, and now and then turning to see that "little Jessie" was safe, or to glance at the tall, dark figure walking opposite. And Herbert Clinton, with his hat drawn over his brows, muffled in his cloak, strode on with bowed head, too absorbed in his own bitter thoughts to heed the flight of time.

And so the long, silent night lingered and lingered, and the dripping forest-road was passed at last; and they passed, at intervals, gloomy-looking farm-houses, whose inmates were still asleep, and whose only greeting to our weary travellers was the noisy barking of their watch-dogs as they passed on. And so the melancholy journey was continued until morning, wan, cold, and gray, lifted its dead, dull face from the mantel of night, and cast a sickly glimmer of light along the wet, slippery path.

"Morning at last," said Uncle Luke, lifting his head with a deep sigh of relief. "This has been the longest night I have ever known."

"Yes, morning," said Herbert Clinton, looking up bitterly at the dull, leaden sky: "and we so far from Craig's End yet. Only one day more between her and an ignominious death."

Uncle Luke looked at him a moment, and then at the bowed form in the cart, with a look of calm reproach.

"Is thee tired, Jessie?" he said, approaching her.

She lifted her head, disclosing a face so white and haggard, so worn with fatigue, sleeplessness, and grief, that even Herbert started back in grief and alarm.

"Oh, little Jessie! I knew this journey would kill thee!" said Uncle Luke, with a groan.

"I feel a little tired, that is all," she said, forcing a wan smile. "Dear friend, do not look at me with such frightened, anxious eyes: it is nothing."

"Thee is deadly pale, Jessie."

"I am cold," she said, with a shiver; "nothing more."

"And wet through," said Uncle Luke, sorrowfully. "We must stop at the first house we meet, and get some dry clothes and some breakfast."

"No, no, you must not stop; there is no time to lose. Pray go on," said Jessie, in alarm.

"Thee must take time," said Uncle Luke, firmly, looking straight at Herbert. "Thee will hardly live to see Craig's End, else. Does thee want to die a suicide, Jessie?"

"He speaks truly, dearest. We must stop at the nearest farm-house," said Herbert, bending over her. "My poor Jessie, you do indeed look jaded to death," he added, sorrowfully.

"It is nothing, Herbert. If I only reach Craig's End in time, I care for nothing else."

"But *I* do, Jessie. I want you after that to hurry and get well, and come with me to Italy, to far-off beautiful Italy, where our lives will be happy as a fairy-tale."

She lifted her large, lustrous blue eyes to his face, with a long, steady gaze, the calm, clear, far-seeing gaze of a soul lingering on the verge of eternity. How plainly those mournful eyes said, "Too late—too late!" But she did not speak, she only smiled faintly, and then sank wearily back, with her head shrouded in her mantle once more.

The white hands of morning were now fast pushing aside the clouds of night. As they went on, they encountered one or two laborers, with spades on their shoulders, going to their daily toil, who stared at them with lack-lustre eyes, as if they thought them ghosts.

At the end of half an hour, they reached a comfortable-looking farm-house, and alighted at the outer gate. Herbert lifted Jessie out in his arms, while Uncle Luke kept off the dogs that ran out barking with his whip. The noise brought the farmer himself to the door, who, noticing the drooping form of Jessie, and the pale, worn face of her companions, cordially invited them to enter.

There was a bright, cheerful fire blazing on the ample hearth, and a woman bending over it, preparing breakfast. As she placed a chair for Jessie, into which the young girl dropped, totally exhausted, Herbert drew her aside, and placing his purse in her hands, said—

"My good woman, you perceive the young lady's clothes are wet through. Will you be good enough to take her to your room, and furnish her with some dry ones?"

"Yes, sir, I'm sure I'll be glad to help her; poor young thing! I've got some will just suit her," said the woman, with a sympathizing look.

Herbert whispered a few words in the ear of Jessie, who arose and followed the woman from the room, while a girl about Jessie's size took charge of the breakfast. Herbert seated himself near the fire, and fell once more into a painful revery, from which the return of Jessie aroused him. He placed a chair for her beside his own, and, sinking into it, she dropped her weary little head on his shoulder, while the young girl began wringing the wet from her dripping hair.

Breakfast was soon smoking on the table, and the three wayfarers took seats; but, much as they needed food, this errand had effectually taken away their appetite, and it was with the utmost difficulty they could prevail upon Jessie even to swallow a cup of coffee.

"Can you furnish me with a horse and gig to reach Glenleith?" said Herbert to their host, as they arose from the table.

"Yes, you can come with me," replied the man, "I'm going there myself in an hour."

"What time shall we reach Glenleith?" said Herbert, anxiously.

"Little after noon."

"And if we take fresh horses immediately, we can reach Craig's End before morning, can we not?

"Oh, yes, very easy; travel all night, and you'll be there by three in the morning. S'pose you're going with everybody else to see the woman executed, eh? Lord bless me! what's the matter with her?" said the man, in dismay, as Jessie, with a loud, inexpressible cry hid her face in her hands.

"Nothing! nothing" said Herbert, hurriedly, and with a face perfectly colorless. "What time—at what hour, I mean—does this execution take place?"

"Nine in the morning; has to be early on account of the mob. Nobody ever heard tell of such a mass of people as will be there."

"Can you not start at once?"

"No, couldn't before an hour."

"Is there any other conveyance to be hired near?"

"No, there isn't," said the man, shortly; "everybody wants their own to take themselves there. If it's to see her hung you want, you'll be in time when I start."

There was no help for it; and Herbert and his equally impatient companions were obliged to wait almost two hours before the farmer was ready to start. Then he and his wife mounted on the front seat, Herbert and Jessie sat behind, and, throwing her arms around his neck, Jessie bade Uncle Luke a last farewell.

"Good-bye, little Jessie!" he said, sorrowfully. "Good-bye, and Heaven bless thee. I will come to see thee some day soon."

And then Uncle Luke entered his donkey-cart, and turned his sad face toward the lonesome hut, doubly lonesome now. And Jessie shrinking closer to Herbert, laid her tired head on his arm, too weary and exhausted even to weep for the friend she had left.

Would they be in time?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LA HAUTE ECOLE.

I.

A long, oval tent, half stable, half green-room of Harman's circus—for it was a travelling circus, and not given to overloading itself with superfluous baggage—badly lighted, strong smelling, the canvas brown with wear and old age, the grass underfoot beaten down by the hoofs of the horses and trodden into the miry ground; an animated scene, with the riders and attendants and musicians scattered about, but strange and novel to me, standing there, while John Harman, erst groom to my father, rested himself after the fatigues of the first part of the programme. He was sitting astride his chair, with his thumbs caught in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and his round, red face alternately serious and merry as he ran over his history of the last ten years. He left us to help his brother, who was always in the horsemanship line, in the management of the circus; but, since then, Tom Harman had died and our old groom become the sole proprietor.

"Tom would be pleased to see the old place and the people to-night," he said, nodding at the curtain, which shut off the ring and the crowded seats, where the spectators were awaiting the second part of the programme. "And he would be pleased to see Ali and Mamzelle there, poor Tom would. And to see her ride, too. Look at them, Mr. George. They look like a picture, don't they?"

He pointed to a white Arab horse, standing close behind me, with a girl in a tall riding hat and dark blue habit upon the saddle. She looked up with a slight smile at Harman's remark, and then flushed and started visibly as our eyes met.

"Hallo! Mamzelle!" laughed Harman. "Did you fancy he was going to join us, and were you thinking what a pretty clown he would make?"

He rose from his chair, and, leaning against the horse's shoulder, looked up at the girl with a merry grimace. But she took no notice of him; there came no answering smile this time upon her face. It was a beautiful face, too, with delicate, regular features and a warm Southern tint, dark as a Spaniard's, but it seemed haughty and fierce as the flush and the smile died out, and her large eyes were fixed upon mine with a troubled look, as if I reminded her of some one whom she had seen before, and her thoughts were busy in recalling the past.

"Well, well! Mamzelle," said Harman, as though she had answered his last question. "If you don't think he will do for a clown, we'll put him upon a horse, and he can go in for your line. He can ride a little. I taught him to ride almost before he could walk. Didn't I, Mr. George?" appealing to me. "And what a mite you looked upon old Thistledown that day, to be sure; and now you are a man and an officer, and will be marrying soon, no doubt, and having mites of your own."

The girl's lips moved when Harman said that I was an officer; but he turned away, without waiting for her to speak, and called out to the men at the other side of the tent, "Come, come! make haste there. That's enough, Bill," singling out one poor fellow who showed less alacrity than the others. "Put down that can. Time's up, I tell you." But Bill, winking apologetically over the rim of the can, finished the beer before obeying the order, and Harman busied himself in examining the girth and trappings of the Arab.

"You may make your fortune to-night, Mamzelle," he said, glancing up at her. "There are a lot of swells in the front row. There goes the music. Are you all ready? Good!" and pushing aside the curtain, he led the horse a few steps into the ring.

It was the first night of the circus at Helstonleigh, and the words of the programme, "Cheval de la Haute Ecole, 'Ali,' introduced by Mademoiselle Celestine Dupont," had probably perplexed the rustics not a little as to what was coming; but when the white Arab and his splendid rider appeared, they applauded loudly. Their applause was louder by and by as the performance went on; they were not insensible to the girl's beauty and grace—for she rode wonderfully well, sitting as square as a die upon her saddle, with her rounded figure, in its close fitting habit, swaying, as the horse galloped, and capered and danced, as easily as a well-built carriage swings in its straps.

Mademoiselle "told," as Harman had expected she would, and, if she pleased the rustics, she created quite a sensation among the "swells in the front row." They were mostly officers; many of them cavalry-men, for both branches were quartered at Helstonleigh. Hitherto they had not been bored more than was proper at a country circus. They were quietly indifferent to the charms of the young lady who jumped through hoops and over banners lowered nearly on to the horse's back; and they had been altogether callous to the sublimity of the shipwrecked sailor saying his prayers on a "bare-backed steed;" but here was a performance more to their taste—perfect grace in both horse and rider, such as they had not expected to see. It was they who applauded the most; it was they who led the recall when the performance was over. Harman was in ecstacies of delight. "I knew she would make a hit," he kept saying, rubbing his hands, as I could remember seeing him, when our favorite colt came galloping down the course at Broughton Market, half a length ahead of the rest for the town plate. And when the girl returned the second time into the tent, as the applause still continued, he led the horse again toward the curtain for the further recall.

"I am not going in again to-night," she said shortly, jerking the reins out of his hands and checking the horse.

"But, Mamzelle, listen!"

"I don't care. They may pull the place down before I will go." She gathered up her habit and withdrew her foot from the stirrup. "Will you help me down?" she asked, putting out her hands.

"No! no! they want you again."

"Let them," she replied, her dark eyes flashing like jewels as the light caught them. And, without waiting for his help, she sprang recklessly from the saddle.

Harman muttered something as the girl stood before him, with her face, slightly flushed from the exercise, thrown proudly back, and, shrugging his shoulders, went out into the ring. The applause increased for a minute as he appeared, and then died away. The music struck up again, and the next lot went in, comprising all those who remained in the tent.

Drawing the gauntlet off her hand, the girl stood by the horse, fondling its soft nose, till one of the grooms approached to lead it away. Then, walking slowly, backward and forward, over the trodden grass, she waited till the man left the tent, and as soon as he was gone she came toward me with her gliding step.

"Why did you not go in for your second recall, Mademoiselle?" I asked. "No wonder they"—

"I did not choose to, Monsieur," she said, cutting me short, but speaking less imperiously than she had spoken to Harman. The flush had faded from her face, and the defiant look, with which she had looked at him, had died out of her eyes; and, somehow, the girl who sprang off her horse five minutes before, seemed changed into a woman. The same number of years, probably, had passed over our heads; but she seemed infinitely older than I from her manner, and she looked older, too, than her age, now that I saw her close, as she took off her tall hat and pushed back the dark hair from her temples with her ungloved hand. My intended compliment, such as it was, vanished before her quick answer. She came close to me—so close that I could have put my hands upon her rounded shoulders, and said in a quiet, earnest voice, strangely different to the way she had spoken before, with a slight foreign accent, for the first time becoming noticeable—

"How did you come to know Mr. Harman?"

"He was groom to my father, when I was quite a little fellow."

"Where?"

"At home. At Waltonhill."

"Your name?"

I could no more help answering her questions than I could help looking into the depths of her great dark eyes, that held me under their spell.

"George Fordyce."

"George," she repeated, as though she knew I was a Fordyce before I spoke.

"Yes." But the girl hesitated; she did not move away, though she looked no longer up in my face. She was not satisfied; her motive, whatever it was, for asking these questions, was not answered. I saw her lips tremble, and the color every now and then flush over her brow. There was something more she wanted to know, but she was at a loss how to ask it; there might be some secret she feared to betray—pride, doubt, honor, who could tell what was struggling in her mind; and she was silent. Rushing impetuously, as it were, to her succor, while I could feel the blood tingling in my ears, as she glanced up with timid, wistful eyes, as though she longed to speak and durst not, I blurted out in a thoughtless, eager manner:

"What is it? What do you want to ask about my family? Tell me, and trust me."

I was too candid, too bluff; in a diplomatic sense I made a great mistake. But I was young, and not accustomed to fencing in my speech; and though I startled her, and trod so roughly upon her half-willing confidence as to scatter it to the winds, she saw that I was sincere; but her timidity vanished as I spoke, and Mademoiselle Dupont was again a stranger to me.

"I—I want to know nothing about your family. Why should I?" And she laughed a little at my brusqueness. "You reminded me of some one I have seen. That's all."

"Of the same name?" I asked quickly, turning the tables unexpectedly upon her, so that the fierce look flashed momentarily into her eyes, till she laughed again.

"Pish! What a boy it is," she said, moving away. Then she turned round and looked at me again, but there was a sad smile upon her lips. "I was a little curious, that was all. Don't think about it, except to remember that I am grateful to you." And, before I could answer, with a slight bow she hurried out of the tent.

Perplexed by the girl's manner and angry with myself, I loitered about the circus, till the people left. Mademoiselle was an enigma: she had evidently seen better days than those spent with Harman's troupe; but who was she—what did she know about my family? I did not tell Harman that she had spoken to me, but I asked him about her, as we stood in the open air, when the performance was over. The circus and tent were behind us, both dark and shut up for the night; but the different vans in front were ablaze with light; all save one, which stood apart from the rest, an ugly, top-heavy, black object in the bright moonlight, with only a dull, red glimmer shining through the blinds.

"That's hers," said Harman, pointing to it. "Bless you! she goes it like a queen among us; always lives there, and never comes near the rest of the troupe at the public. I know little about her. She's as high-spirited as a thorough-bred. They won't bear the curb, nor she either. But she rides well and she draws, so I put up with her whims. One can't have everything, you know. True, she hasn't been always in this line, that's clear; but I don't know what she was before she came to me. Let me see. It's nearly three years ago. We were at Calford, and I was just leaving the tent, after looking at the horses and things, as I did a minute ago, when up she comes, all muddy and footsore, and asks me to help her. I had a lantern in my hand, and I turned its light upon her as she spoke; and her great, black eyes and pale face—it was paler then than it is now—somehow made me take a fancy to her there and then. I got one of the women to lodge her for the night, and give her something to eat; and she has been with me ever since. With all her whims and high manners I like the girl, and all the troupe like her, for she's mortal kind if any of them are in trouble. Maybe she has had some of that herself. I think she has, but she's very close, and I have never asked her. See! that's the little girl—Harry the clown's daughter—who waits upon her, and she teaches the little thing to read and write, and speak her own foreign language."

The child thus pointed out was coming down the steps of the van. She turned round when she reached the grass to say "Good-night" again, before she ran off. And Mademoiselle, from inside, answered "Good-night," and then came to watch the child. She closed the lower half of the door in a dreamy, unconscious manner, and, resting her arms upon it, leaned forward, looking up at the sky. She was still in her riding-habit; and the moonlight fell full upon her as she stood there, with a weary look in her upturned face, and great, heavy tears gathering slowly and glistening down her cheeks.

"Eh! eh! Mamzelle," broke out Harman, speaking with more than his ordinary kindness. "Why, what's the matter? And after your success to-night, too."

The sound of his voice broke her dream, for she started up. Instead of answering, she bent her head and went quickly back into the van. And as the door closed behind her, the moonlight streamed coldly upon its hearse-like paint.

II.

From the depth of my arm-chair, and behind the smoke of his cigar, Reginald Fordyce—captain in the ——th Dragoon Guards—was going to deliver a lecture.

He and I were cousins; we had not met for some years—not since I was at school; and the moment he entered my rooms I was struck by the likeness between us. We were about the same height, with the same colored hair and the same kind of features, altogether very much alike, though he wore a long moustache, and his face was tanned to a deep brown by an Indian sun, and he had a lazy, nonchalant, individual manner, none of which I had yet attained. In age he was about six years my senior, and I knew but little about him, except that he used to go to my home for a month or so during the shooting season, when I was at school. I heard a tale about his getting into difficulties a short time before he exchanged into his present regiment, which was then quartered in India. That was in the vacation, after I left school; he was staying with us just before he went, and I had not seen him since then until that night, when he had walked into my room at the barracks. He was home on a sick leave, and had come down to Helstonleigh, where his old regiment was quartered.

"Are you going to Mrs. Cheshunt's *soirée* to-night, George?" he had asked. "What is the attraction there? Winter, Ullathorne, and all the other fellows are off."

"Good looks, youth, and money."

"Quite enough. Mrs. or Miss?"

"Two misses."

"Are you going?" he then asked again.

"No, I am going somewhere else."

It was the last night of the circus, and Mademoiselle's benefit, and I was going there.

"Isn't there a circus down the town?" he had said, after a little pause. "I heard the fellows talking about it. Winter told me they were all hot about one of the girls, who was awful pretty; but that you had cut them all out, for you had the *entrée* behind the ——; I was going to say the scenes; well, behind the ring. It's Harman's circus, I suppose?"

So I guessed immediately that I was in for a lecture, and that my cousin had come to my rooms expressly for that purpose. But he was not Mademoiselle, with her dark eyes and beautiful face; and I felt neither inclined to listen nor let him have it all his own way. He had no right, I thought, to come and bother himself and bore me about matters that did not concern him. I was quite old enough to take care of myself. But then, on the other hand, a lecture from him had all the charms of a novelty, and I was a little curious to see what efficiency he had gained in his new line. And, as he seemed so intent upon relieving his conscience, I thought it would be unbecoming in me—his junior—to prevent him.

"Yes," I said, "it's Harman's circus. He has an awfully pretty rider there, so I am fortunate in having the *entrée* behind the ring, as you call it."

But Reginald did not immediately break out into a lofty strain, as I half expected. When it came to the point, lecturing seemed to be distasteful to him. He allowed his cigar, apparently, to engross all his thoughts, and he pulled his long moustache abstractedly, till at last, when a thick cloud of smoke nearly hid his face, he said, quietly:

"You think you are fortunate in having the *entrée* behind the ring. Surely you have heard the proverb about a burnt child fearing the fire. When I was a little older than you are now I burnt my fingers very badly in somewhat the same way. I have lived to feel the smart, so I don't want you to do the same. You understand, George?"

I was sobered directly. It was not a long lecture, but had there been any occasion for a lecture at all, it would have sufficed. By referring to himself he gave it a point, a much greater one, it may be, than he thought, for there were incidents in his past life that were known to me, though he was not aware of it.

Mixed up with the story of his difficulties was a story about a girl; such things are generally kept quiet, and I, probably, should never have heard it, but from the circumstance that I once took a letter to him into our garden at home. It was just before he exchanged and went to India; and he was hiding from his creditors until they could be pacified and his difficulties smoothed over. As a matter of fact, his debts were paid by an uncle; and, often and often, I had heard him and other members of the family wonder what made Reginald leave his old regiment and hurry out of England. I guessed at the time, I remember, that the letter I gave him had something to do with his going. It came in an envelope directed to my father, with a short note, in a woman's handwriting, but without any name, begging him to send it on to Reginald if he knew his address. I happened to be in the room when the post-bag was opened, and I was bidden to take the letter to my cousin. After a short hunt I found him in the garden, lying lazily on the grass, smoking his meerschaum in the sunshine. He didn't look much like a man in difficulty, I though, lolling there, humming fragments of tunes, with the blue smoke curling from his lips; and, boy-like, I envied his careless nature that could take troubles so easily.

"Well, young 'un," he cried out, as I approached; "what's that?"

"Another bill, I suppose," I said.

"How came it here, then?"

"In a letter directed to the governor, asking him to send it on to you."

"Hand over, then;" and, without rising, he took it from me.

I have never forgotten seeing him read that letter. I was not so very young, as things go. I had just left school, but it was the first time I saw a man overcome.

He evidently knew the handwriting, for he gave a low, pleased laugh as he opened the envelope. At the first few lines I noticed that his limbs stiffened and his face grew hard, but he read it through without moving. Then his hand dropped as if he had been stunned, but a great oath hissed out between his lips; and unmindful of my presence, he sprang to his feet, and paced up and down the grass, clenching his teeth, crushing the letter in his hand, and calling out aloud "to God" that the man had lied. He left us that evening, and soon after I heard that he had gone to India.

I only knew but the barest outlines of that story, and those, not altogether correct, I learned from a friend of Reginald's, who was with him in his old regiment. When the crash came my cousin managed somehow, to secure a little money, which he sent to the girl, whoever she was. It never reached her. Consequent upon its loss, but unknown to him, followed poverty—almost starvation—and the girl fled. And the letter from her, written in her anger, was the letter I gave him when he was lolling in the sunshine in our quiet garden at home.

That was why his lecture carried such a point with it. He had bought his experience—"burnt his fingers," as he said—"and lived to feel the smart;" and, with men of the world like him, who could tell whether the pain was not still stinging.

"Yes, yes. I understand, Reginald," I said; "but I will give you my word that I have not burnt my fingers at all."

"Good! I am glad of that," he rejoined, with a relieved air. "I fancied, from what I heard, you had been going it warmly."

The little clock on the mantel-shelf struck nine.

"Is that right?" he asked, glancing up at it. "I suppose you are going to the circus. Shall I be *de trop*? I should like to see Harman again."

When our coats were on, the candles blown out, and the room lighted only by the fire, I said:

"Did you ever find the writer of a letter I once brought you in our garden, Reginald?"

He turned round quickly, and looked at me with astonishment.

"Was it you?" he said. "Yes. I remember. I was a little excited about it, wasn't I? What made you ask the question? Well! no; I have never found the writer. Come, are you ready?"

Though he spoke in a careless manner, as if it were a mere trifle, there was a hard ring in his voice that told me that his smart was still stinging.

III.

There were not many "swells in the front row" of the circus that night; the reserved seats were nearly empty—they had been enlarged since the first performance by the addition of the second row; but all the back benches were crowded, though Mrs. Cheshunt's *soirée* had robbed Harman of his "swells," and Mademoiselle of her greatest admirers.

Seeing a place where there was a great, vacant space in these two reserved rows, Reginald and I went to it, and took our seats exactly opposite the entrance of the ring from the inner tent.

"We are just in time; are we not?" he asked. "I see your fair rider appears at the commencement of the second part."

He was looking at the empty orchestra and the people settling themselves on their seats, or he would have seen her by the curtain. I caught sight of her face for a minute, bending forward over the horse's head, and of Harman by her side, pointing us out.

I had hardly spoken to the girl since the first night; she had not lingered again in the tent, as she did then; a few words, or a bow, as she passed through to her own van, was all the recompense I received for my nightly attendance. She had changed somehow since her arrival at Helstonleigh. She was more docile, as Harman termed it, as if he were speaking about a horse; and yet I fancied he would rather have had her wayward and imperious as before.

"I can't make out what's the matter with her," he said to me. "She seems upset and out of sorts. Perhaps she will be better when we leave here."

"Perhaps," I answered, and kept my own counsel; but it was not without a feeling of regret at the thought of her leaving with her secret untold, and the one way in which I felt I could help her barred against me. I had not gone to Mrs. Cheshunt's *soirée*, because that night would be my last chance of speaking to Mademoiselle. As Reginald was with me I went into the ring; if I had been by myself I should have gone straight into the inner tent. I was inwardly chafing at being tied to him, when an accident happened which gave me an excuse for leaving.

I had seen the girl waiting as usual behind the curtain, seen Harman talking to her and pointing us out, but when the musicians returned and struck up she was not forthcoming. The audience waited quietly at first; it was not till the men commenced the old tune for the second time that they began to show signs of impatience. The noise increased steadily, drowning the music, as the delay continued. There was a hitch somewhere; ten minutes had gone, and Mademoiselle had not appeared.

"I'll go and see what's the matter," I said. "Will you come?"

"Not now. I'll come afterward."

So, leaving him there, I quitted the ring, and hastened round to the entrance of the inner tent.

"What are you waiting for?" I asked of the fellow, who made way for me to pass.

"Something to do with that French girl," he answered, gruffly, as I went in. The delay was over. I saw the white flanks of the horse as the curtain fell behind it, and heard the impatient stamping of the people turn to applause at the sight of their favorite.

"She forgot something, I suppose," said one of the men in the tent, speaking to me; "for she went back to her van and kept us all waiting."

That was all then—a mere trifle, but it had given me an excuse for getting away from Reginald, and I was glad it had occurred. I did not want him by my side when I spoke to Mademoiselle; and, by moving the curtain a little, I could watch her riding in the ring from where I stood. I had done so before. I had been in the tent every night when she came in after her performance; this time I intended to tell her I wanted to speak to her and ask her to wait.

Peeping from behind the curtain, I saw my cousin in his seat exactly opposite. He was not looking at the girl. He was sitting there, with his arms folded and his head thrown back, taking no notice of her, but staring at the canvas covering straight in front of him. To any one who did not know him he might seem to be merely indifferent to what was going on, but to me the expression of his face recalled immediately my remembrance of him as he read the letter in our garden at home. There was the same rigid hardness; it was sterner to-night than it was when he lay on the grass in the sunshine; less passionate, but more austere, more unrelenting; not a feature was altered or contorted; as he sat there he looked like a stone statue of himself, with living eyes, that shone with a cold, pitiless light.

A conviction flashed across me, and as a sudden noise in the night, startling the sleeper, rouses into instant life all his dormant senses, so half-forgotten words, descriptions, speeches, crowded into my mind with overwhelming proof that the writer of the letter, the cause of my cousin's going to India, the girl he had sought but never found, was before me. It was my likeness to him that she had recognized; it was about him that she had hesitated to ask me. I saw her face as she was borne past, with its haughty, fierce expression returned, and all the passions of her nature blazing in her eyes, and at the sight of it, I dropped the curtain, and turned away.

Harman was standing in the ring. He had never done so before; but, as I passed the tent, wondering what would be the end of the meeting, I heard his voice calling out to the men to be sharp. He had come in to fetch the wooden stage, up which the horse mounted nightly and stood with its four hoofs close together upon the small, round summit.

"Ah, Mr. George," he said, as we met in the middle of the tent, "Wasn't that Reginald with you? I hardly knew him at first. What makes him stop there?"

He looked tired and worried, and the tone of his voice was so irritable, that I hardly noticed the strangeness of his question.

"What's the matter, Harman?" I asked. "Mademoiselle been putting you out? What made her so late! You look awfully out of sorts."

"I am out of sorts," he said, shortly, and glancing around to see that nobody overheard him; "and more than that, I'm nervous. You may laugh if you like, I am not given to that kind of feeling. You know that."

"Yes; I know that. But what are you nervous about? Everybody seems to have something the matter with them to-night."

"And a cursed deal too much some have," he answered, sharply; "and that girl's one. When I saw you and Reginald come in, I called her and pointed you out. I did it to cheer her a bit; but, bless me, instead of looking pleased, she turned awfully white, and those great eyes of hers flashed and flashed like redhot coals. 'Why! what's the row now?' I cried out, as she jumps off the saddle. But, without a word, back she goes to her van and keeps us all waiting, till I thought she wasn't coming at all. So I go and knock, but the door's fastened. 'Don't be in a hurry. I'll come directly,' she cries out; but I wait till she opens the door, and the first thing I see is a bottle on the table, and then one of her drawers open, with half the things turned out on the floor. 'Well,' she says, coolly, seeing me there. 'Couldn't you wait a minute?' 'No,' I say. 'They are nearly pulling the place down.' 'They will pull it down altogether soon,' she mutters; 'and I wish they would, and bury him under it.' 'Bury who?' I asked. 'Never mind,' she says. 'If you want me to ride to-night, let me pass.' What was I to do?" he added, turning around to me. "I couldn't make a fuss and not let her go on; and it's her benefit-night too. But what the devil she meant I don't know: only I wish Mr. Reginald wouldn't sit there, and I shall be mortal glad when she's safe back in her van; and that's the long and short of it."

"I will tell Reginald to come here," I said; and I went to the curtain to beckon to him across the ring.

There seemed little occasion for Harman's alarm. The horse was going through his tricks as quietly as ever, and the girl appeared to be a little sharper with the curb—nothing more. She never looked at Reginald, who sat, as before, staring up at the canvas overhead, while the rest of the audience watched intently the movements of the horse and rider. Everything was so much as usual, that the scene, following Harman's story, was like waking up after a nightmare.

"Damnation! What is she doing now?" he exclaimed, pressing closer to me, so as to see better into the ring.

"Only a new trick," I replied. I thought he was over-excited. "She is bound to do something new on a benefit night."

It didn't look very dreadful. The performance with the stage was over, and instead of letting the horse gallop round as usual, the girl was taking it straight across the ring, pulling it up when its head was almost over the low wood-work. It had a dashing effect, and the audience applauded loudly.

"Yes, yes. But Ali won't understand it. Look! she is doing it again."

Yes again, but she headed the horse straight for where Reginald was sitting. Its white body hid him from us, as it crossed the ring in a few strides. I felt Harman pressing to pass me, as the girl crouched upon the saddle, and, in the second, instead of seeing her check the horse, I caught the gleam of lights upon a spur driven deep into the animal's side. A loud shout of horror rang in my ears, simultaneously with a heavy crash, as Ali, rearing wildly, sprang forward over the low woodwork, and fell full upon Reginald, in a white, struggling heap.

Amid cries and shrieks we dashed into the ring. I saw my cousin spring up, and people rushing away from the spot. Others followed us and crowded round excitedly, with great oaths and hoarse voices. But, as we bent down, all the din seemed unheard. Among the broken and shattered benches was the dark-robed figure of the girl, with upturned face, and closed eyes, lying right under the body of the horse, with its great, heavy shoulder crushing upon her bosom.

An hour afterward I was sitting upon the steps of the black-painted van. Reginald had carried the girl there, and was now with her alone. The crowd who followed him had dwindled away when the doctor's report was known, though a few of them still remained, scattered about in small groups. It was not a night for loitering in the open air, but, despite the cold, three or four of the troupe lingered by the van. They were a scene for the painter as they stood in the moonlight, in their gay circus-dresses, waiting there because their companion was dying, and maybe because their hearts were heavy for the wayward beauty. But there was quietness at last, broken only by the low voice of the doctor, talking to Harman at the foot of the steps.

"Is there no hope, doctor?" I asked.

He shook his head. "She can't live many minutes more, poor girl," he said. "She was fast sinking when I left her a quarter of an hour ago. I don't think she is in much pain, at least, not acute pain. All the injuries are internal, and the organs are too numbed to be very sensitive. It is very dreadful—very dreadful. She ought not to have used that spur."

Involuntarily I put my hand upon his arm.

"Hush!"

He looked at me eagerly. "Do you really think she meant to do it?" he asked, so low that I could hardly hear him. "She raved about it at first, but I paid no heed to that. It's awful to think of it, and she dying too. I wish we could get a clergyman to see her. But it's too late—too late. Besides she isn't English, and, perhaps, she would not listen to him. Do you know what religion she holds?"

"No," said Harman. "I am afraid, doctor, I and the troupe don't think as much about that as we ought."

The old gentleman made a kind reply, and moved away from us into the shadow of the tent; and through the thick mist which rose into my eyes and blurred my sight, I saw him stand there, with his bald head uncovered and bent low upon his breast.

"George," whispered a voice above me. "George." Reginald was standing at the van door, as I had seen the girl, six nights before, with her tears glistening in the moonlight. "Don't wait for me. I'll come to you soon. Don't wait." He closed the door, but his voice told me that the girl was dead. And motioning to the doctor that the end had come, I hurried from the place.

IV.

It was a long watch that I kept for Reginald, sitting by my fire in the quiet barracks. My rooms were near the gate, and I heard the men return from Mrs. Cheshunt's *soirée*, generally in large parties at first, following each other at short intervals; but as the night wore on, now one alone, now two together came back; after them a few late stragglers from other places found their way home; and it was not long again after the last of these had passed my windows before I recognized Reginald's voice calling to the sentry. I went out and waited for him on the landing, to let him see that I had been watching for him. He came up the stairs with a slow, heavy step till he saw me, then muttering something about being very sorry to have kept me up, he passed into the room, wheeled the arm-chair round to the fire, and sat down.

I said a few words—how dreadfully hard and hackneyed they sounded. I could not go, as a woman could, and kneel down by his side and coax the foam by a gentle caress into his blood-shot, burning eyes; so I sat in silence till he chose to speak. There was one thing I could do. It wanted but four minutes to five, and, pretending to search for something on the mantel-shelf, I touched the stop in the side of the clock to prevent its striking. I thought the sound might jar upon his nerves. Eight hours before it had been the signal which warned us that it was time to go to the circus. I did not notice that he was watching me, and I sat down, hoping that he had not detected what I had done.

"Kindly meant, George," he said, however, with a slight smile, "and there are other kindnesses, that I have heard of, that I shall not forget. She spoke to me about you, for—eh! you look surprised, and, perhaps, think you have done nothing. It was like stopping that clock. From what she said I know you have been as courteous to her as if you had met her in the position she ought to have held; and I feel it the more because it—it was to my wife."

"To your wife! Reginald?"

"To my wife," he repeated, turning full upon me. "Think of me what you like. I have been a fool and a coward, and now I have to bear the punishment." He spoke very bitterly in his grief, and moved abruptly round again toward the fire. Then he asked in a quieter voice, but still looking at the coals:

"Did you see it?"

"Yes."

"All?"

"Yes."

"How it happened?" and I nodded.

He seemed to read my thoughts. "Does anybody else know that—?" He stopped abruptly; he could not bring himself to criminate his wife in formal words.

"Only Harman and the doctor, I fancy, Reginald." And as I spoke, he drew a long, shuddering breath and leaned back in his chair. A sharp spasm of pain passed over his face, as if he had been struck, and then he murmured so low that I had to bend forward to catch the words.

"It was my fault—my fault. He told her that our marriage was a sham, and she believed him. He preyed upon her outraged feelings till he drove her wild, and then he tried to tempt her, and she fled from him. Baffled, he spread reports about her that were caught up and magnified. Men came to me and told me tales about her. They meant well, no doubt. They did not know that she was my wife. I began to believe that the letter was a sham, and that it was only an excuse for her leaving me. I couldn't find her. I couldn't find him. I heard that she had gone off with him, and I cursed them both; and now both are dead. He died with the lies he told to her and about her hot in his mouth; for they were lies—all lies, and this is the end of them. Oh, God! and what an end."

Kind nature came to his relief at last. The set, white features unbent, and great tears welled up into his dry, blood-shot eyes, as he covered his face with his hands. Without speaking, I put my arm round him and led him into my other room. I almost lifted him on to the bed, threw a rug over him, closed the door, and left him alone.

It was an anxious week that followed the last night of the circus of Helstonleigh. Reginald went away the next day to avoid being present at the inquest; and, early the same morning, Harman sent the circus and troupe to another town. "Tell me nothing now," he said, "and I shall know nothing. It will be best for all." He and the doctor were summoned, but the newspapers befriended us; the jurors had no suspicion and found, unanimously, that it was an accident and poor Ali alone to blame.

"Best so," muttered Harman. "It won't hurt him, poor brute. His hurts won't heal the less soon, or his corn taste less sweet. "He'll have to be idle and grow fat, now Manzelle's left us. He'll miss her as much as any of us, although we were all very fond of the girl.

But before the week had passed, there were placards posted in another town, announcing the coming of the "unrivalled circus," only "La Haute Ecole" was omitted from the programme. And far away from Helstonleigh, Reginald, Harman, and I stood by, while the fair rider was laid to rest, under the shadow of the village church, where she was married. It was her last wish to lie there. And a cross, bearing her true name, "Marie, the wife of Captain Fordyce," throws its shadow, when the sun is setting, over her grave.

A. V. H.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE HORSE DISEASE.—The horse disease continues to spread in Philadelphia, though not very rapidly. What little there is so far, is generally of a mild character. At the time we write, the street car lines are all running as usual, and there is no detention of business. In New York, Brooklyn and Boston, where the disease has been raging during the past week, we have information of its abatement, but with a considerable mortality among the affected animals. Eighty-five deaths were reported in New York yesterday, October 31, and 25 in Brooklyn, while in Boston they are stated to "average 30 daily." While ceasing to spread in those cities, the disease is appearing South and West. It has obtained a foothold in Pittsburg, Chicago and Cleveland, and broken out at Norfolk and Portsmouth in Virginia.

The "Philadelphia Ledger," in an article upon the "money side of the horse disease," says:—"A curious phase of character is illustrated by the time it took in our northern and eastern cities to teach some of their inhabitants that the universal prevalence of the horse 'influenza' is something more serious than a 'sensation,' to be enjoyed on account of its novelty. It was not until the wheels of business were 'blocked,' as well as the wheels of the vehicles in everyday use, that the grave aspects of the case were brought home to their apprehension. Then the matter took the practical form of loss of time, loss of dollars and cents, as well as wide-spread inconvenience—and then it was at last understood that it would be best to turn attention to the care and rest of the animals instead of discussing the subject as an enormous joke. But the losses referred to are only a portion of the extensive damage done by the spread of the disease. Within a little more than two weeks it has run from Buffalo eastward to Maine, westward to Chicago and St. Louis, and southward as far as Baltimore.

"This gives reason to fear that it may overspread the whole country, and what that means a few figures may be used to explain. There are about nine millions of horses in the United States, valued at six hundred and sixty millions of dollars. If but *one per cent.* of these should be carried off, making 90,000 horses, it would entail a direct money loss of $6,600,000—two per cent., or two deaths out of every hundred, would bring a loss of over $13,000,000, and three per cent., which is the mortality in some cities, swells the loss to nearly $20,000,000. This is in addition to the heavy loss of the daily earnings of the vast proportion of the horses, that are disabled and cannot work. Such figures may have their uses in some quarters not yet reached by the disease. Humanity should be the only stimulus required in order to ensure the use of such preventive measures as better treatment, less labor, cleaner stables, &c., but the money side of the case may reach some people who seldom look at any other."

PHILADELPHIA'S AMERICAN LINE OF OCEAN STEAMERS.—At noon, October 30, and from Cramp's ship-yard, the second of the noble squadron of the Philadelphia line of American-built iron ocean steamships was launched. This one is the Ohio, twin sister of the Pennsylvania, already in the water, being fitted out for sea. The Indiana and Illinois, whose vast forms loom up so grandly on the stocks in the ship-yard, are soon to follow, and then nothing will remain to be done but the shipping of the machinery, and the final rigging out of the ships, until the eyes of our people are gladdened with the sight of at least one line of American steamships engaged in the commerce between the United States and Europe.

A balloon ascension was about to take place at De Kalb, Ill., last week, when the balloon, breaking loose prematurely, shot upward, carrying with it a man, McCann, whose leg had become entangled in the rope hanging from the car. When one hundred feet above the earth, McCann managed to climb into the car, but when at a height of four hundred feet he jumped out and was picked up dead.

The steamship Missouri, from New York for Havana, has been burned at sea. Of 93 persons on board, only 12 are known to be saved.

MRS. HORACE GREELEY died at New York, on the morning of October 30.

BASE BALL.

MUTUAL VS. BALTIMORE.

At New York, October 29, the Baltimore defeated the Mutual by the following score:—

Baltimores	0	0	0	0	0	3	1	0	0	—4
Mutual	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1

MUTUAL VS. BALTIMORE.

At New York, October 30, the Mutual defeated the Baltimore by the following score:—

Mutuals	0	1	0	0	1	1	0	0	2	—5
Baltimore	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	—2

Concerning the Horses.

While the "influenza" among the horses has effected a slight lodgment in some of our Philadelphia stables, both large and small, we are glad to say that its progress thus far has shown no such rapid spread and severity as those which have unfortunately afflicted our sister cities to the north and east. The disease made its appearance here on Sunday of last week, as it did in New York on Sunday of the previous week; but whilst it had swept with great rapidity through nearly all the large stables in New York by the following Wednesday, the same space of time after the appearance of the disease here has shown no such alarming increase. This is due, we believe, to the fact that our horses are always well housed and well cared for, in clean stables, except in a small proportion of cases. To this brief note of experience here, thus far, we may add that the experience of Buffalo, where the disease has prevailed for about two weeks, is, that it runs its course in an average of twelve days—and that whenever the period is longer or shorter than this, the difference is due to the general health and good or bad condition of the horse. The trouble was very bad in Buffalo, but the papers of that city report it to be passing away quite steadily.

A Story Hard to Believe.

This item is going the rounds of the newspapers:—"A boy, about fifteen years old, was put in the Tombs at New York the other night for drunkenness. He protested to the keeper that he had not been drinking, but that he was born drunk. His speech and staggering indicated intoxication, but it appeared on examination that this is his normal condition. His father was a confirmed inebriate, and since he was three years old the boy has manifested these symptoms." We have heard of individuals being "born tired," but never before, to our remembrance, of such a case as the above. The story, however, is a good one, and should be treasured in the memories of those who may some time or other need an excuse to get out of a difficulty. We must confess, however, that it would be rather hard on the paternal relatives if frequently used. Seriously, however, is it not an awful thing?

Air and Water.

Professor Tyndall argues against the common-thought notion that man requires absolutely pure air and water. Chemically pure air—air that is without a trace of ammonia, carbonic acid or water—is, he says, not to be found, and the one thing certain about it is, that if it were, no one could live in it. Neither is pure water ever found in nature; and observation of the whole animal creation, including man himself, tends to show that pure water is not necessary, nor even demonstrably desirable. Every sunbeam which enters a darkened room shows how thick with solid impurities is the air which man breathes—yet no one on that account fears to breathe it; the same thing holds true in regard to water, but this need not necessarily make any one afraid to drink it. Not all foreign matters, nor even all foreign organic matters, are of necessity unwholesome; and the votaries of strict science too often represent man as a being who must submit the world to a series of severe chemical operations before it is fit for him to live in.

GOOD FEELINGS.

We know a blunt old fellow who sometimes hits the nail on the head more aptly than philosophers. He once heard a man praised for "good feelings." Everybody joined and said the man was possessed of excellent feelings.

"What has he done?" asked the old genius.

"He is possessed of the most benevolent feelings," was the reply.

"What has he done?" cried the old fellow again.

By this time the company thought it necessary to show some of his favorite doings. They began to cast about in their mind; but the old man still shouted,

"What has he done?"

They owned they could not name anything in particular.

"Yes," answered the cynic, "you say that he is a man that has good feelings. Now, gentlemen, let me tell you that there are people in this world who get a good name simply on account of their feelings. You can't tell me one generous action they ever performed in their lives; but they can look and talk most benevolently. I know a man in this town that you would all call a surly, rough and unamiable man—yet he has done more acts of kindness in this county than all of you put together. You may judge people's actions by their feelings, but I judge people's feelings by their actions."

☞ A poor but honest young lady, who earns a living by working on hoop-skirts, in reply to an inquiry, stated that she had spent the Summer "at the springs."

☞ Torture was lately resorted to in a Mexican court to compel a confession of theft.

☞ Among the worst inflictions caused by the horse influenza are some of the names given it.

☞ A great deal of "bustle" has been observed in and around the dry goods stores during the past week.

☞ The latest specimen of word coining is "Apothecarelessness."

☞ A young man in Portland, Oregon, died three months ago, and his mother had the corpse placed in a coffin and refuses to allow it to be buried, imagining that her son will return to life.

☞ The New Orleans papers complain that seven-eighths of the communications sent them and signed "tax-payer," are by persons who possess not the "fee simple to a yaller dog."

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WIT AND HUMOR.

HOW A BILL OF FARE PUZZLED THE INDIANS.

The St. Louis Democrat contains the following account of the recent visit of Spotted Tail and his companions to that city:

"At dinner, Whitewash-in-his-Eye called to him a waiter, who said 'Ugh!' as a delicate compliment, and handed him a bill of fare. The chieftain pointed to the first item, and said 'Ugh!' The waiter said 'Ugh!' and returned with a cup of coffee. Now, even though a cup of coffee is a good thing, it is hardly a meal for a man. So the brave said 'Ugh!' again, and pointed to the second item. The waiter said 'Ugh!' retired, and returned with a cup of green tea. A third interchange of 'Ughs,' resulted in a cup of black tea. In despair, the brave uttered an angry 'Ugh!' that made the waiter turn pale, and pointed to the last item on the bill, evidently being anxious to get as far away from the teas as possible. The waiter faltered 'Ugh!' and horried back with a tumbler of iced tea.

"The others, warned by the example and fate of their comrade, attacked the bill-of-fare *in medias res*. One struck 'meat' under the head 'broiled,' and had an abundant, if not varied, meal of mutton chop, veal cutlets, broiled chicken, pork chops, sirloin steak, porter-house steak, Boston steak, etc. Combining their information, the remaining members of the party wandered over the bill-of-fare, taking every division by starts, and none of them long. The result was eminently satisfactory to the aboriginal stomach, which is capacious, and has no prejudices as to the succession and relative proportions of soup, fish, game, entrees, boiled, roast, game and dessert. One erratic brave owed his matutinal distention to a judicious compound of: 1, coffee; 2, cantelope; 3, ice-cream; 4, Irish stew; 5, steak; 6, Worcester sauce; 7, mustard; 8, melon; 9, fried potatoes; 10, mackerel; 11, Graham bread; 12, iced tea; 13, fried eggs; 14, sliced tomatoes, and, 15, buttered toast, and his bosom was rent with emotions when he found that the waiter shook his head when the line: '☞ Guests having friends to dinner will please give notice at the office ☜' was indicated."

A CAUTIOUS ANSWER.

Max Adeler says:—A young man—a *very* young man, we imagine—asks us the following extraordinary question: "Is it wrong to say, 'I *see* Maria coming down the street?'" We wish to exercise care in answering this person. The first thing to be ascertained is, did you really see Maria coming down the street? Are you perfectly certain that it was not Mary Jane or Matilda? May you not have been deceived by a resemblance to Maria's figure, or by the similarity of her back hair? Reflect for a moment. Would you in a court of justice solemnly swear that it was Maria? If you would, we may consider the next branch of the subject. After a protracted search we can find nothing in the five books of Moses which prohibits allusions to Maria's appearance upon the public highway; and the Shorter Catechism, by some mysterious coincidence, is wholly silent upon the subject. Jonathan Edwards, in all his theological writings, wholly ignores the subject of Maria's perambulations; and although Archbishop Cranmer has been suspected of having secret convictions upon the subject, he preferred to perish at the stake to revealing them. We have always thought that the Archbishop's treament of Maria was particularly scandalous. It was not generous in the old man to behave so. In view, then, of the absence of any authoritative statement upon the subject, we should advise our young friend to write to Mr. Beecher and ask him if there is anything wrong about the expression. Our own opinion is that it is harmless; but we would not willingly mislead a budding mind seeking for the truth. If our friend, therefore, happens to see Maria sidling around again, it will be better, perhaps, for him not to mention the circumstance until he hears from Brooklyn.

ANOTHER SLOW RAILROAD.

A correspondent tells the following of a slow railroad: "A railroad runs from Oswego to Syracuse. It is thirty-six miles long. I rode on it, and those cars move so slow that if you want the draught in your face you have to ride backward to get it. They never have hot journals on that road; the great danger is that the stuffing and gravy around the axles will freeze. The screech of the locomotive is very faint, kind o' like the warble of a four-year-old boy blowing through a knot-hole in a board fence. It is capable of giving a grasshopper a thrill of alarm, but won't scare a crow worth a leather cuss. The conductor, engineer and fireman always walk ahead of the train to look for broken rails, and the cows always run on ahead of them to keep out of the dust. I tried an experiment. Two trains were passing, and I stuck a match out of the window and let the head of it rub against a passenger-car. It went so slow I couldn't strike a light. If you ever take a trip from Oswego to Syracuse over that road you want to take lots of clothes, a whole ham and a barrel of corned-beef along with you."

THE ADVENTURES OF A WYANDOTTE MAN.

Yesterday a Wyandotte man appeared at the Detroit and Milwaukee depot with a large mirror under his arm, and while waiting for the train he sat the mirror down against a seat. A big dog owned by a saloon-keeper wandered in and soon caught sight of the ugliest and meanest dog he ever saw reflected in the mirror. He arched his back and rolled his eyes, and the other dog did the same. He showed his teeth and lifted his back a little higher, and the other dog followed suit. At length, angered beyond control, the dog gave a howl and a jump, intending to get the other dog by the fore paw. There was a smash and a crash, a time of cursing and kicking, and the Wyandotter went to see the chief of police about having some one shot.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A MICHIGAN schoolmaster says: "I wil spel enny man womun or child in the hull state fur a dickshunary, or kash prize of one hundred dollars a side, the money to be awardid by a kommittee of clergymen or skool direcktors. There has been a darned site of blowin about my spellin', now i want them them to put me up or to shet up. I wont be put down by a passel of ignaram-musses because i differ with noah webster's stile of spellin'."

☞ This is the way the Leavenworth Times goes off: The biled chestnut will soon supersede biled owl, and the sweet-scented and muchly-roasted peanut in our refreshment marts. Farewell, thou fast-rotting grape; adieu, thou decaying melon; hence, thou blushing crab; avaunt, thou greasy and well-handled apple; away, and give place to the gentle and immaculate worm of the chestnut.

☞ In Danbury, the good boys who drop out of chestnut-trees invariably strike on their heads, while the bad boys as invariably fall on their feet. The News thinks that the Legislature ought to look into this.

☞ "It is a very solemn thing to be married," said Aunt Betsey.

"Yes, but it's a deal more solemn not to be," replied Miss Bartlett, a spinster of forty.

☞ The grossest instance of humbug we have met with for a long time is that of an individual who advertises for sale a Siberian bloodhound, which he calls "A 1," when every one possessing the ordinary rudiments of an English education ought to know that the best is "K 9."

BETROTHED ANEW.

BY K. C. STEDMAN.

The sunlight fills the trembling air,
And balmy days their guerdons bring;
The earth again is young and fair
And amorous with musky spring.

The golden nurslings of the May
In splendor strew the spangled green,
And hues of tender beauty play,
Entangled where the willows lean.

Mark how the rippled currents flow:
What lustres on the meadows lie!
And hark, the songsters come and go
And trill between the earth and sky.

Who told us that the years had fled
Or borne afar our blissful youth?
Such joys are all about us spread,
We know the whisper was not truth.

The birds, that break from grass and grove,
Sing every carol that they sung
When first our veins were rich with love,
And May her mantle round us flung.

Oh, fresh-lit dawn! Immortal life!
Oh, earth's betrothal, sweet and true,
With whose delights our souls are rife,
And aye their vernal vows renew!

Then, darling, walk with me this morn:
Let your brown tresses drink its sheen;
These violets, within them worn,
Of floral fays shall make you queen.

What though there comes a time of pain,
When autumn winds forbode decay;
The days of love are born again,
That fabled time is far away!

And never seemed the land so fair
As now, nor birds such notes to sing,
Since first within your shining hair
I wove the blossoms of the spring.

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 43.

TRACING A MURDERER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

It was a horrible tragedy, one to startle the most stoical nature, one to cause the most unthinking to ask if there were any safety—any surety of a man's life. This occurrence took place some years ago, when murders were not so common as to cause scarcely an emotion when reading them by the column in every paper which you take up.

Mr. Dartmor was a prominent citizen of N——, had married quite late in life and gone into the broker's business, making a huge fortune in a few years. From the age of twenty-five to thirty-five he had been mostly abroad in some sort of commission business. He had always held a fair reputation, although many of his name and kin had not been well spoken of. At the age of forty he had married Eleanor Eustice, a very accomplished and amiable lady of the upper classes of society. The world and friends of the family had considered the marriage a most felicitous one. No children had followed the union.

All these facts in general I had learned the day after the murder. I had been duly summoned to put in an appearance at the inquest, a heavy reward being immediately offered for the apprehension of the murderer, and "The Chief" being anxious to secure it among the brotherhood of detectives.

Mr. Dartmor had been stabbed several times, each stroke having evidently been aimed for the heart, and two of which had passed entirely through that organ.

There was nothing unusual about his appearance—his body had been somewhat doubled up when found upon the granite steps leading to his own elegant mansion.

There was a little something peculiar about the drawn-up position of the fingers of his right hand, but it would have escaped the observation of a casual observer. I bent over the hand and made a note of its appearance, without calling any one's attention to it myself. Meanwhile suspicion, vampyre-like, thirsting for blood, flew about seeking a suitable perch upon which to alight.

The most important question was: "Who would be the most benefited, aside from the childless wife, by the broker's death?" Those possessed of natural affection started back from answering the question, because a younger brother of the most dissolute habits, who had never been on good terms with Mr. Dartmor, would be the next in line.

This brother had been the bane of James Dartmor's existence. Rioting in every species of petty lawlessness, he had up to this time escaped criminating himself to any serious extent; but his frequent drafts upon James for money to pursue his evil career, and the fierce altercations that always ensued upon the elder brother's refusal, had well-nigh harassed the life out of the peaceably-disposed broker.

People remembered this now, and remembered, too, how many times lawless Richard had boasted in the fury of his anger that, he would yet have the privilege of thrusting his hand into his brother's well-filled coffers. So the vampyre of suspicion, with all this to sustain her, fastened her talons in the throat of dissolute Richard, and dragged him howling like a maniac into prison.

Every one was aghast, yet they had always known it would eventually come to this, and public indignation unrestrained by public law would also have committed murder in its zeal for justice; it would have torn the prisoner in pieces. This prompt action threw the detectives all off the scent immediately.

"Do you think it necessary to search farther, Carnes?" questioned the chief.

"By your leave," I rejoined, "I will keep on."

"So then, you do not side with the general belief?"

"No, sir, not wholly; not enough to remain inactive."

"Very well, then, you have full liberty to act, and notify us if you need assistance."

I sought first, an interview with the prisoner, Richard Dartmor. I found him dangerous to approach, being in a frame of mind bordering on the wildest insanity.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, the moment that I was admitted, "here's another fiend. What are you come for? It must be great sport for men like you to come and stare at me and gloat because you are free and irreproachable. Sure, sure, if I had the means I'd be rid of some of you. They keep coming in, and staring at me, and then go off with chattering teeth. What do the fools want? What do you want?"

I advanced cautiously and coolly, and sat down beside him; but he sprang up and began pacing the floor and smiting his hands together and gnashing his teeth.

"I will tell you, Richard, if you will stop and listen, what I came to see you for."

He paused, glaring before me.

"Well!" was the one imperious word.

"I believe you innocent of the murder of your brother."

He laughed discordantly.

"You're a liar!" was the one fierce, hot sentence.

He rather startled me, but I commanded my voice and went on.

"No; I am telling you the truth. I don't believe you did it."

"And I say *you lie!*" he thundered. "For was ever there a clearer case? Wasn't I always fighting him? taking his money while I abused him? Haven't I been heard a score of times, to tell him I'd have my hand in his money-bags yet? Was ever there more to condemn an accursed wretch than there is to condemn me?"

"But, Richard," I said, soothingly, "I am a detective, and it is my business to hunt up the true criminal. I sought an interview with you under the firm conviction that you are innocent. I want you to take an oath that you are guiltless."

"I can't! I can't!" he howled. "My God! I cannot swear it. I don't know. I only know that the proof against me is awful. I have been crazy drunk for a week, and how do I know what I did then? I tell you, it is awful. The torments of a lake of fire is nothing to this. How do I know what I did in those days? But, oh, Jim! Jim! I never meant—I never thought to harm a hair of your head. Oh, Jim! Jim! it can't be that my wretched career has ended in this. Jim! Jim!" he shrieked, with starting eye-balls, "come back, come back, and tell me I didn't do it; come *back!* COME BACK!" he howled, throwing himself upon the prison floor in a paroxysm of the most horrible emotion that I ever beheld.

I stooped and laid my hand on his damp forehead, and said:

"Richard, be as calm as possible. I hope to save you;" but he only threw himself about, shrieking, "Jim, Jim, come back! come back!"

"You had better chain him," I said to the jailor, as I went out.

"Do you consider him as bad as that?"

"He is very bad."

"Dangerous, eh?"

"[illegible]" Only to himself. He is in a frenzy, bordering on *delirium tremens*, and may take his own life. See to his safety."

"You think he did it?" asked the jailor, without a shadow of doubt in his tones.

"See to his safety, at any rate," I repeated, not wishing to bias any one with my private opinions. But I had not a thought that Richard Dartmor murdered his brother. Still, if I could not bring something to back up my belief, he would lose his life without a doubt. I had a task before me. First, I must have a personal interview with all his near relatives, male and female. This took considerable time, and caused much trouble, but in all these interviews I found nothing to substantiate the slight clue given me by the hand of the murdered man. Once or twice I was terribly startled for a moment on coming into the presence of some of these strange relatives, but a reference to my pocket memorandum-book dispelled the emotion.

The most painful of the interviews I reserved until the last. That was to call upon the widow of the deceased. I briefly explained to Mrs. Dartmor my mission. Of course, I said it pained me to open anew such a hideous wound in her breast, but hoped that she had the fortitude to help me in the cause of justice, however painful it might be to her feelings. She bowed, with her handkerchief to her eyes.

"In the first place, madam," I said, "I am not what is termed a Spiritualist, but I believe in intuitive knowledge. That knowledge, or impression, convinces me that the prisoner is not the criminal."

"Do you know anything of his past career?" she asked, a little indignant surprise glittering in her fine eyes.

"The biography of a prisoner is public reading, madam," I rather tartly responded. "I have learned that Richard Dartmor is lawless, a gambler, a wine-bibber and libertine. I myself have seen him at the gaming table; he is even now struggling in the after-throes of *delirium tremens*, therefore the third accusation I can take on trust as being correct; but all that does not make him precisely a murderer.

"However, I do not wish to harass your wounded heart. I came to question you, and you will lay me under the greatest obligations, by giving me straightforward replies."

She again inclined her head.

To say that it did not make me feel disagreeable to be obliged to witness her distress, would be untrue; but as I viewed it, it must be done.

"Your husband spent his evenings, usually, at his office?"

She nodded, with now and then a heavy sob swelling her breast.

I should have stated before, that Mr. Dartmor's residence was in the suburbs proper of the city, being about a mile and a-half from the business part, and from his office.

"At what time did he usually return?" was my next question.

"At, or about ten o'clock," she said, "excepting on two evenings of each week, when the stock-brokers' meetings kept him considerably later."

"Did he walk or ride home?"

"Always rode. Was a trifle asthmatical, and walking distressed him."

"Just so. Kept his own carriage, I believe?"

"Yes. Kept it in the city."

"Whose stable?"

"Penniford's."

I didn't think of anything more then, necessary to inquire about, for I desired to get out of her presence as soon as possible because, my questioning distressed her terribly, so I bowed myself out.

Alone in my room, I pondered over this and all the rest that I had heard. I thought that one chain surrounded the whole affair, and the trouble was to get hold of the missing links.

I next found Mr. Dartmor's office-boy, an intelligent fellow of fifteen years of age, or thereabouts. From him I learned that during the time for which he had held the position of office-boy—it being nearly a year—Mr. Dartmor had been very punctual, and expected punctuality of others. The carriage, rain or calm, had come for him precisely at ten o'clock.

"To drive him home?" innocently.

"No, sir. Four nights in the week he drove home, Tuesdays and Fridays at ten P. M., he drove the other way-up B—— street. Meeting of stock-brokers on those evenings, sir. Anything more, sir? Ah! he was a kind employer."

"No doubt. No; nothing more at present; thank you."

He was murdered Friday night. No man, woman or child had been noticed walking on C—— street after ten that night, the watchman testified.

About twelve two carriages drove along, Myers the policeman testified. Mr. Dartmor's was the head one—knew it by the cream-colored horse. Driving close up was a dark horse. No moon. Policeman two doors off from Dartmor's residence heard the carriages stop. A moment later Dartmor's team, as usual, turned off the curb-stone, and dashed up Bond street. In two minutes the other carriage with a whirl turned on its tracks and dashed past him, going back the way it came. There had been no outcry, but as the policeman came opposite the residence of the deceased, he thought he heard a gurgling groan.

Something had happened to the gas-pipe in that locality, and it was undergoing repairs. The jets in front of Dartmor's were not burning. As soon as he heard the groan he had sounded an alarm, calling up a brother watchman from around the next corner. They had found Mr. Dartmor quite dead, evidently murdered on his very door-step. He was lying on his face, with his head three steps lower than his feet.

My next move was plain before me. It was to find the rooms where the brokers held their meetings. I found no difficulty in ascertaining the exact locality where the late James Dartmor had met with his brother speculators. But I found—and here was a missing link to all intents and purposes—that the brokers met but *one* evening of each week, and that was Tuesday evening. Then there were the Friday evenings for the last year to be accounted for in some other manner. But I had expected it—some such disclosure. My experience of the world has taught me that there are no more strictly righteous people now than anciently, when but a small quota of such were to be found to save the city full of ungodly ones. I had also learned that God must especially guard the favorites of fortune, or they sink into a maelstrom of temptations that never whirl about the moneyless, laboring classes of humanity.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SWEET INNOCENCE!

COUSIN KATE—"How curious it must feel to have those great moustaches on your lips, Cousin Charlie!" [*Here follows an illustration.*

Gretna Green Marriages.

Can any one of our readers who is familiar with curious books inform us of any history of Gretna Green and of the strange marriages which have been celebrated there? The recent death of old Simon Lang, the last of the Gretna priests, is generally spoken of in the English newspapers. He was a weaver by occupation, and inherited the matrimonial business from his father. Each was called Bishop Lang. In early days the average number of marriages at Gretna Green were about 60 annually; but the number in later times rose to 400. The fees ranged from half a guinea to £50 and even more; though hard-up couples were sometimes united for a dram of whisky. These marriages were regular according to the loose law of Scotland, which merely required a declaration by both parties in the presence of witnesses; yet, curiously enough, Scotch lovers have been known to betake themselves to Gretna when they might have been just as easily married at home. The Gretna practice was abandoned in 1826, in consequence of the interference of the Ecclesiastical Courts; but for the 50 years in which the Green was the resort of runaway couples, 198 gentlemen, 15 officers of the army, and 13 noblemen were married there. These marriages are now formally prohibited by Act of Parliament.

Hints Toward Beauty.

There is nothing more unfavorable to female beauty than late hours. Women who, either from necessity or choice, spend most of the day in bed, and the night at work or dissipation, have always a pale, faded complexion, and dark-rimmed, wearied eyes. Too much sleep is almost as hurtful as too little, and is sure to bloat the person with a pallid and unwholesome fat. The diet, also, has a marked influence upon personal beauty. Generous living is favorable to good looks, as it tends to fill out and give color and sleekness to the skin. A gross and excessive indulgence, however, in eating and drinking, is fatal to the female charms, especially where there is great tendency to "making flesh." Regularity of time in the daily repast and scientific cooking, are the best means of securing not only good health but good looks. The appetite should never be wasted during the intervals between meals on pastry, confectionery, or any other tickler of the appetite, which gratifies the taste, but does not support the system. Exercise is, of course, essential to female beauty. It animates the whole physical life, quickens the circulation of the blood, heightens the color, develops the growth and perfects the form of each limb and the entire body. It also gives elasticity and grace to every movement.

It is related that every morning during the past twenty-five years, President Thiers has received from some anonymous donor a bunch of violets. Every attempt to discover the author of this unvarying attention has proved fruitless.

☞ A Terra Haute young man cuts, fits and makes all the dresses worn by his mother and four sisters.

☞ Half of a circus is laid up at Suspension Bridge, N. Y. Horse disease did it.

☞ Gardening around Paris is dangerous, on account of unexploded bombs in the earth.

A Curious Case of Somnambulism.

A retired French tradesman was lately much disgusted at finding various valuable personal articles mysteriously absent from their proper places. Residing with him was an old servant, who had lived in the house thirty years, and a nephew. It was impossible for him to suspect either, and yet there was not the slightest ground for supposing that the robberies had been effected by any one outside the house. He resolved to watch. To his consternation he observed, one or two nights after, the nephew, in his night-dress, descend, take various valuable articles, and proceed with them to a summer-house in the garden. On his return the uncle confronted him, being duly prepared, we may suppose, for "a scene." He was disappointed. The nephew appeared utterly unconscious of his affectionate relative's presence, and passed quietly up-stairs to his room. The next day his uncle taxed him with his extraordinary conduct. The nephew denied all knowledge of it. The summer-house was searched, and in a cellar beneath it all the missing articles were found. It is bad enough to have either a somnambulist or a kleptomaniac in a family, but the two combined is really a trial which we trust, for poor humanity's sake, will remain rare.

☞ Epizooty is a name implying a disease prevalent among animals, as epidemic is a term applied to a disease prevailing among the human species. Sometimes an epizooty confines itself to one kind of animal, and sometimes to another. Thus horned cattle, sheep, dogs and cats may each separately be attacked by an epizooty. The proximate cause of such disease is doubtless something of a very subtile nature floating in the air at certain seasons and times, independent of any local cause, though doubtless modified by local conditions. Such diseases, though not contagious, or propagated from one animal to another, may, under some circumstances, become so. The word is pronounced Epizo-o-ty.

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces *double* rates on the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

PRUDENCE, (Juniata, Pa.,) writes: "Will you inform me through your paper what course to pursue in regard to the following? I am an orphan, of sufficient means to enable me to live comfortably through life, am twenty-eight years old, still young looking and lively in disposition, am in love with a young man about twenty, who regards me in a very friendly way. Do you think I am too old for one of his age? And would your advice be to put the thought out of my mind as soon as possible? Or would you advise me to wait for him two or three years?" We should certainly advise you to consider all that is involved in your assumed name, and act with great "prudence" in this affair. It is difficult to judge the chances of happiness in any marriage, as it depends on such a variety of circumstances; but the general belief is that a discrepancy in years such as you name, is a more unfavorable circumstance than in the case where the husband is the older. It is not the mere number of years' difference, but the fact that he is a boy, while you are a matured woman. If you have the means of living comfortably, you should be very careful how you place those means at the disposal of a person whose character is not yet formed, and who may prove very different from what you now imagine. You had better, at all events, wait a few years, and see what sort of a man your boy-lover will make, and also thus avoid the imputation of taking advantage of his youth and inexperience.

AMBITION, (Lewisville, Ark.,) writes: "I wish to ask a few questions, and if you do not think them too insignificant, I would be glad to have them answered. 1st. Are the U. S. pianos good? are they worth $250, and, freight? I wish to get one, but owing to the scarcity of our money, am trying to get the cheapest, though it may not prove cheapest in the long run. 2d. What are good stories, from two to three and four columns, worth? 3d. What do you think of my handwriting?" 1st. You will have to try for yourself. We know nothing about their virtue or value. This is a kind of information which we prefer not to give. We have no better means than our readers of judging of the value of articles of which we have had no personal experience. 2d. It depends on the signification of your good. Some stories are not worth their weight in white paper. 3d. Your writing is inferior.

NEW SUBSCRIBER writes: "I desire to know if, by forming a club of the Lady's Friend and of the Post, say, three copies of the magazine and one of the Post, at rates of $1.50, will I get one copy of the Lady's Friend free of charge? How is Vashti pronounced? (Miss Evans's last book)." No. You must send $3 for the copy of the Post, and you will receive for getting the club a chromo of "Little Samuel," or either of our steel engravings. You must send eight copies in all at club prices, to get a copy free. Pronounce Vash-tee.

W. C. B., (Tampa, Florida), writes: "I wish to ascertain, through your paper or some of your correspondents, if there is any way of exterminating or ridding ourselves of a great pest, worse than the seven years' Scotch Ointment, or the seventeen years' locust. I refer to what is called here mole or ground-cricket. I do not know any other name for them. They are something like the common black cricket in shape, but are of a brown-gray color, and grow three times as large, also look something like a large spider. They burrow in the ground, and come to the surface in the night, run along just under the earth, and make a little ridge very similar to that made by the mole. I have found them four feet under the surface. I never saw any any of them until the last three years, but since then they have so overrun some localities, that we cannot raise any vegetables in our garden—that is, such as they feed upon—cabbages, beets, turnips, radishes, and I do not know what else, though I have never known them to destroy peas. They, in some instances, destroy the seed or germs before they appear above the ground. Again, when we transplant young beets, cabbages, &c., they will pull them down into their holes and eat them. In fact, they render it impossible for us to raise some of these things in gardens where they abound. We know of no way of getting clear of them, and they seem to multiply exceedingly fast. I dug up five of them in one *spadeful* of earth this morning, but they burrow so deep that I could not make much headway catching them by digging for them. I have heard of them as far North as North Carolina, and heard that they get rid of them there by planting wheat; but wheat hardly grows here at all. Please answer, if you can give me any satisfaction; or, if not, ask some of your subscribers to do so." We shall be happy to receive any information in regard to this subject from any of our correspondents. For ourselves, this amiable cricket has never come within the range of our experience.

I. C. F., (Buckhead, S. C.), asks: "1st. Has a mole eyes? Webster says they have very small eyes. 2d. Have you ever seen them? 3d. Please tell me the best and latest map published for schools, or common reference?" The mole has eyes, but they are very minute, and so covered with fur as not to be easily seen. A creature that makes its way through the world in the way of the mole does not need very extensive optical arrangements. We have not seen the eyes of a mole, probably because we have never looked for them. As to your third question we are unable to say.

ARIOUS, (Nashville, Tenn.,) says: "I am in love with a girl, whose parents have been wealthy, but who are very poor now. She is handsome and lovely, but on account of her poverty she occupies a very common place in society. Question—If you were in good standing in best society, and able to make her very happy by marrying her, and were in my shoes, would you marry her?" If we felt sure of happiness on both sides, we would very probably venture into matrimony, without consideration of social differences. But if the happiness is to be one-sided, you had better look well before you leap. What do you mean by a common place in society? Are we to understand that she is ignorant, unrefined and lacking in the instincts of the cultivated woman; or simply that she is poor, but otherwise the equal of your associates? Are her parents and friends in any way degraded, and likely to throw discredit upon her? You will perceive that there are numerous points necessary to consider in your question. We can only say that if she is a lady, and respectably connected, her poverty should not be considered. But if she is greatly your inferior in culture and refinement, you had better turn aside the current of your love.

MATTER-OF-FACT, (Philadelphia,) asks: "Please tell us the supposed wealth of A. T. S wart of New York, and if it is probable that any one man is worth one hundred million dollars outside of a Rothschild? (Even he is an English banker.") It is supposed that his wealth runs well up into the millions, which is a near enough estimate for a guess. It is doubtful if he himself knows exactly how much he is worth? We have heard of no case of a private individual being worth the sum mentioned. We mentally thank Providence that we are not the unlucky individual to be so blessed, fearing that the responsibilities and troubles flowing from such a weight of wealth would far overbalance all happiness to be derived from it. Make it one million, and we will consent to be a martyr, but don't ask us to try one hundred millions.

ENQUIRER, (Portland, Oregon,) says: "Will you please inform me what the chances are for a young man to get a position as bookkeeper in your city, he being a stranger? What do you think of my handwriting? Your chances would be very poor. The market is already overstocked, and there are numerous applicants for every position offering, and those are mostly persons with city reference. Your handwriting is good.

M. A. D. Your story is accepted.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

ENIGMAS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 1, 9, 10, 3, is ever with the sea.
My 7, 11, 2, is the name of a tree.
My 11, 2, 9, 4, rides the waves of the deep.
My 6, 5, 3, the farmers reap.
My 8, 7, 6, 11, is the name of a star.
My whole is one of the wonders afar.

II.

I am composed of 28 letters.
My 1, 27, 25, 21, is a kind of weed.
My 2, 14, 17, is the name of a bird that flies at night.
My 3, 27, 15, 22, 28, is a small Spring flower.
My 4, 13, 16, is an instrument used by shoemakers.
My 5, 24, 14, is an evergreen tree.
My 6, 15, 23, 17, 19, is an appellation of honor.
My 7, 26, 24, is a short poem.
My 8, 27, 20, is the name of a month.
My 9, 11, 18, is a round body, a sphere.
My 10, 12, 27, 26, is a public way for travelling.
My whole is quite a singular fact.

Seaboard, N. C. EUGENE.

HIDDEN FLOWERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. A stern man is seldom liked.
2. Sir Osen Burns is dead.
3. Miss Alvian is a great belle.
4. This pen won't dip ink, Laura.

Roaring Gap, N. C. N. C. D.

WORD SQUARE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A adjective.
An uncomfortable feeling.
An associate.
A vegetable production. B. M. N.

WORD SQUARE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A girl's name.
A girl's name.
A girl's name. N. C. D.

ACROSTIC.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Renown.
A small grain.
Pain.
A river in Africa.
To yield.
Otherwise.

My initials form the name of a country in Europe. My finals are all vowels, and the number of letters in each word is the same.

N. C. D.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A person attempts to *perform* a feat of dexterity, his probability of success at any trial being 9-10. How many times in succession, "on the long run," will he succeed without a failure?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Erie, Erie Co., Pa.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.—"He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down and without walls."—Proverbs 25th chap., 28th verse.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—William Henry King, Philadelphia.

WORD SQUARES.—

I.	II.	III.	IV.
P	S	A	L
S	T	R	I
A	O	S	E
L	I	E	E

I.	II.	III.	IV.
P	O	A	S
O	A	S	T
A	S	T	A
S	T	A	R

I.	II.	III.	IV.
C	O	A	S
O	A	S	E
A	S	E	A
S	E	A	L

I.	II.	III.	IV.
C	O	A	L
O	A	L	E
A	L	E	A
L	E	A	N

I.	II.	III.	IV.
G	O	A	T
O	A	T	E
A	T	E	A
T	E	A	R

I.	II.	III.	IV.
S	O	A	R
O	A	R	E
A	R	E	A
R	E	A	S

I.	II.	III.	IV.
S	O	A	R
O	A	R	E
A	R	E	A
R	E	A	D

I.	II.	III.	IV.
S	O	A	R
O	A	R	E
A	R	E	A
R	E	A	M

I.	II.	III.	IV.
P	O	A	S
O	A	S	E
A	S	E	A
S	E	A	L

I.	II.	III.	IV.
P	O	A	S
O	A	S	T
A	S	T	A
S	T	A	R

I.	II.	III.	IV.
P	O	A	S
O	A	S	E
A	S	E	A
S	E	A	L